The Outlook

Vol. 67 March 2, 1901 No. 9

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

Cuba 465a
Republican Senators and the Philippines. 466a
Russia's Tariff Retaliation 466a
The Police Situation in New York 467a
"Addicks or Nobody" Again 467a
The Negro Cotton-Mill Failure 468a
The Boer War 469
Premier Zanardelli 469
Count von Waldersee's Threat 470
Archbishop Favier on Looting 471
Buencamino and the Evangelists 471
Cuban Children 472
Protecting Child Workers 473
Prisons as Centers of Contagion 473
The Salvation Army and the Stage 474
Hebrew Visitors in Palestine 474
For a New Catechism 474
Incipient Reform in Hinduism 475
Protecting the Family 475

EDITORIALS:

Stanford University and Professor Ross. 476
Direct Primaries Demanded 477
An Epoch for Faith 478
True Temperance Reform 480
The Making of Americans 481

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The Tuskegee Negro Conference 483
The Philippines: Present Conditions and Possible Courses of Action—II. 487
By George Kennan
In the Crow's-Nest 495
By Laura Winnington
The Making of an American: An Autobiography 497
By Jacob A. Riis
The Infinite Little 510
By Robert Ormiston Brockway
Slavic Characteristics 511
By Edward A. Steiner
Faithless Faith 520
By Henry Johnstone
Quebec: The Crowned City 521
By Lillian W. Betts
The Heritage of King Alfred 531
By Sir Walter Besant
Giuseppe Verdi 534
By Roberto Lazzari
The Major and a Peg Leg 538
By Henry Seidel Canby
A Boy's Reminiscences of Queen Victoria 542
By the Earl of Aberdeen
Fancy and I 546
By John Vance Cheney
Queen Wilhelmina and Duke Heinrich 547
By the Rev. W. E. Griffis, D.D.
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 553

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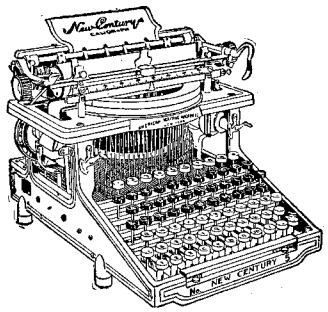

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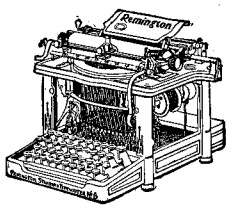

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The Outlook

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Cuba The Cuban question is not yet so formulated that we are able to state the opposing views definitely and clearly. Generally speaking, it would appear that the sentiment for independence in Cuba is very strong, and the Cubans are very jealous of any claims on the part of the United States which appear to interfere with her independent nationality; and, on the other hand, the United States Government is naturally reluctant to withdraw from Cuba without securing some adequate assurances that her future administration, both foreign and domestic, will be such as not to imperil the interests of the United States. Senator Platt, of Connecticut, has reported for the Committee on Relations with Cuba an amendment to the Army Appropriation Bill which authorizes the President "to leave the government and control of the island of Cuba to its people so soon as a government shall have been established in said island, under a Constitution which, either as a part thereof or in any ordinance appended thereto, shall define the future relations of the United States with Cuba, substantially as follows." We abridge the suggestions slightly:

1. Cuba to make no foreign treaty affecting its independence and to allow no foreign Power to colonize or acquire any control.
2. Cuba to contract no debt for which provision cannot be made as to interest and sinking-fund out of the revenues after defraying current expenses.
3. The United States may intervene to preserve independence, safety of life and property, and the discharge of obligations assumed by the United States in the Treaty of Paris.
4. All acts of the United States in Cuba during its military occupation are ratified and validated, and all lawful rights acquired thereunder are to be maintained and protected.
5. Cuba is to maintain and extend the plans of sanitation now begun or others as good.
6. The title to the Isle of Pines not to be claimed by the Constitution, but left for future adjustment by treaty.
7. Coaling or naval stations to be sold or leased to the United States at points to be agreed upon with the President.
8. All these provisions to be embodied in a treaty.

❀

Our Demands We agreed in the outset of the war that when the island was pacified we would "leave the government and control of the island to its people." That promise was made in a burst of enthusiasm, but that is no reason why it should not be kept. "He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not," is an ancient Hebrew writer's characterization of an honest man, and applies to nations as well as to individuals. Whatever we should have a right to demand of Cuba if she were independent we have a right to demand as a condition of recognizing her independence; but it seems to us that by this general principle our demands must be limited. Accordingly the sixth and seventh suggestions in the proposed amendment are those which seem to us most questionable. We should have no right to demand of an independent power a coaling station, and we have no right now to *demand* it of Cuba. We may very properly ask for it, and it would be singular ingratitude for the people of Cuba to decline the request; but it should be a request, not a demand. On the other hand, we have a right to demand that she does not by the perpetuation of unsanitary conditions make the island a nuisance and a menace to the United States. This we should have a right to demand if she were quite independent, as one village in a State or one ward in a city has a right to demand that another village or another ward shall not imperil the whole community by making itself a breeding-place for pestilence. The debt which Mexico incurred was made the excuse for the invasion of Mexico by the French

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during our Civil War, and, warned by that experience, we may well wish to guard against its repetition in Cuba; and it may be difficult to guard against her making treaties with foreign powers which would involve us in peril of foreign entanglements. But it ought to be possible by rational diplomacy to adjust the relations between the United States and Cuba in such a way, in these respects, as would safeguard America's interests without humiliating Cuba's pride. The less force is threatened, the more reason and chivalry are appealed to, the more likely are we to reach a rational and mutually satisfactory result.

❀

Republican Senators and the Philippines

In an editorial in The Outlook for February 16, on Congressional inaction, we said: "Senator Spooner is the only member of either House, so far as we recall, who has made any effort to substitute civil for military law in the islands, and Senator Spooner alone is powerless to accomplish this just and righteous result." This sentence does injustice to other Senators, and we are glad thus publicly to recall it. Senator Spooner's original bill giving the President power to organize civil government was referred to the Committee on the Philippines; from that Committee was reported by its Chairman, Senator Lodge, on March 5, 1900, and received the favorable vote of every Republican member on the Committee, and the negative vote of the Democratic members. It was earnestly advocated by Senator Lodge in a speech delivered March 7, 1900. We are informed on excellent authority that both this bill and the amendment to the Army Appropriation Bill to which we have heretofore referred have had cordial support from the Republicans in the Senate and from some members of the opposition. We do not understand what are the forces which have succeeded thus far in giving the Subsidy Bill precedence over this necessary and righteous measure, and we hope that the facts which we have above reported presage the passage of the Spooner amendment to the Army Appropriation Bill guaranteeing civil and religious rights to the Filipinos, and providing for the organization of civil government in the Philippines.

Russia's Tariff Retaliation

The act of the Russian Government in taxing American iron and steel goods and agricultural implements thirty per cent. more than similar goods imported from other countries creates a remarkable situation in tariff warfare. The occasion of this thrust at an expanding American industry was the act of our Treasury Department in placing an additional tariff on Russian sugar to offset the bounty which the Russian Government is reported to pay to Russian sugar-exporters. The Russian Government denies that it pays any such bounty, claiming that the payment it makes to sugar-exporters is merely a refunding of the internal revenue duties previously paid. The experts appointed by our own Government, however, have reported that the sums paid to the Russian exporters are much more than equivalent to the internal taxes previously paid, and therefore constitute a direct bounty, which is perhaps greater than that offered to the sugar-exporters of any other country. If this last report is correct, the action of our Government is justified; for not only does the Dingley tariff law expressly provide for a "countervailing" duty upon bounty-fed imports, but this additional tax puts the producers of all other countries on an equality when they seek to enter the American market. Of course in this case the "countervailing duty" imposed by us on Russian sugar increases the large protection given to the sugar-producers and the sugar refineries of this country, and enables the sugar trust to keep prices at a slightly higher level, but since our general law provides that our sugar-producers and sugar trust are entitled to charge over fifty per cent. more than it costs to produce sugar abroad, it is the part of consistency not to let the bounty legislation of other countries interfere with the favor we wish to accord to particular home industries. However, the fact that the Russian Government should retaliate in this vigorous way not only makes it doubtful whether their sugar bounties are as great as our experts reported, but also brings sharply before the people the fact that tariff warfare can be conducted with as much vigor by the most backward nations as by the most advanced—and is in general conducted more vigorously,

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In the particular contest now in the foreground the Russian Government holds a stronger position than our own, because Russia imports a far greater quantity of American goods than we import of Russian goods. So far as our domestic producers are concerned, the present contest is one between steel and sugar. The steel "trust" is as much interested in the removal of the countervailing duty as the sugar trust is in its maintenance. Between these two combatants but little public sympathy is likely to be wasted, but what there is is likely to incline toward the trust which is able to pay American wages and foreign transportation charges and all ordinary foreign tariffs, and still sell goods in the foreign markets, provided that exceptional duties are not levied against it. If American goods can be sold abroad so cheaply, why should we cultivate tariff wars by legislation that keeps these goods from being sold at home at similar rates?

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The Police Situation in New York

The new single-head police law went into effect in New York City last week, as the Legislature and Governor promptly passed it over the Mayor's veto, disregarding the rather forcible legal points made by the Mayor and outlined in these columns last week. Thereupon Mayor Van Wyck as promptly appointed as Commissioner and Chief of Police Michael C. Murphy, formerly President of the Health Board, a regular Tammany politician of no special experience or marked capacity. The appointment, it is generally thought, was planned to be as bad as it could be without actually justifying the Governor in removing the appointee arbitrarily under the Governor's power as laid down in the new law. The notorious Devery was immediately appointed by the new Commissioner his First Deputy, a position which will give him practically the power he had before, as Mr. Murphy is a not very active man in poor health. Mr. Murphy's place as President of the Board of Health is filled by John B. Sexton, one of the Board of Commissioners just legislated out of office—an able but unscrupulous machine politician for whom it was felt by the Tammany leaders that "something good" must be provided. Altogether the first operations under the new law are not very encouraging for reformers, except as they make it clearer than ever that the only real chance for municipal reform is by the election of good men as city officers next fall. The only encouraging event in city affairs last week was the successful raid, made under District Attorney Philbin's personal direction, on a gambling resort. The event showed that Governor Roosevelt made no mistake in appointing Mr. Philbin to take Gardiner's place. The raid is evidently the beginning of a well-planned series of operations intended to furnish evidence for the Grand Jury that may lead to the uncovering of the relations between gamblers and politicians and important indictments. In the raid there was captured one Tammany official, Mr. Holahan, President of the Board of Public Improvements; his explanations of his presence at the gambling-house are regarded with derision by the press; several police officers were also found caught in the net, and their excuses will also bear looking into.

❀

"Addicks or Nobody" Again

For nearly six weeks that persevering and picturesque Senatorial aspirant, Mr. J. Edward Addicks, has been busily engaged in his biennial struggle with the Delaware Legislature. The situation is a trifle novel this year, however, since Mr. Addicks, not content with keeping one Senatorship vacant for so many years, is now preventing the election of any Senator at all from the State of Delaware. Senator Kenney's term expires on March 4, and after that date, unless Mr. Addicks has his way, or Delaware manages to circumvent him at last, she will have no representation whatever in the Senate for two years. So far, the resistance of the Legislature to the perennial candidate has been stubborn and praiseworthy. Beginning with sixteen votes in January, Mr. Addicks has not been able until within a few days to gain a single addition, and though four regular Republicans, whose defection has long been predicted, have at last joined his forces, he has still only twenty votes of the twenty-seven necessary to elect. One Democrat, Farlow, a holding-over member who voted for Addicks two years ago, is

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expected to do so again; but so far, though ostracized by his party, Farlow has steadily voted with them. The situation is looked upon as so serious by the Administration that Senator Hanna has personally consulted several of the regular Republicans, and is reported to have urged them to combine with Addicks, giving him the long-term Senatorship and taking the short term for one of their own men. The familiar path of bribery, it is alleged, has also been tried. Representative Hearn has reported to his party that he was approached on February 18 and offered two thousand dollars to remain away himself and induce a Democratic colleague also to be absent from the session on the 21st, when it was known that other members opposed to Addicks would be unavoidably absent, and when, therefore, there was a possibility of his majority being sufficient. The Legislature has extended its sessions to March 8, as the members wish to leave no loophole for the appointment of a Senator by the Governor, which might plausibly be done if Senator Kenney's place fell vacant while the Legislature was not in session. The Democratic members have taken a binding pledge to attend the sessions daily from now to the end, "even if they have to be carried there on stretchers." One man has stayed away from the funeral of his grandchild in order to be in his place. The regular Republicans seem equally in earnest, and the opinion of many observers is that, unless some extraordinary change in the situation suddenly takes place, Mr. Addicks will again be obliged to postpone his ambitions. He has made overtures, a correspondent writes us, to combine with either the Democrats or the regulars, but these offers have been steadfastly refused. On the other hand, the regular Republicans have offered steadily to combine in voting for any two prominent Republicans in the State, if only Mr. Addicks is not one of them. A possible combination between the Democrats and regulars is being talked of, but the general opinion is that the deadlock will not be broken to the end. Delaware is to be congratulated on her stubborn resistance to Addicks, even if it proves unavailing; for the little State is certainly making a gallant and strenuous fight against a persistent foe.

The Negro Cotton-Mill Failure

When the recent failure of the Charleston cotton-mill which employed negro labor was announced, there were many comments in the press upon the unreliability of negro labor, which was alleged to have caused the breakdown. An ably edited Southern newspaper, however—the Charlotte "Observer"—sent a member of its staff to interview the manager of the suspended mill, and learns through him that the supposed unreliability of negro labor had little or nothing to do with the failure. The mill in question was built in 1882, and was started with white labor in every department. The original owners failed, and their successors, who invested more capital, again employed white labor, and with them also the mill was a failure. Two companies have since tried to operate the mill with colored labor, and these, too, have failed; but the later failures no more demonstrate the incapacity of negro labor than the previous failures demonstrate the incapacity of white labor. The "Observer's" correspondent, Mr. H. E. C. Bryant, points out very forcibly that if the incapacity of negro labor had been the cause of the failure, the mill, instead of being dismantled and having its machinery removed to the uplands of the State, would have continued to be operated at Charleston, with white labor substituted for black. The manager of the mill, in conversation with Mr. Bryant, said that while there was somewhat more irregularity among his negro hands than there would be among a corresponding number of white employees, the difference was merely one of degree. "We had as good lappers, speeders, spindle attendants, and weavers as you could find anywhere." The mill was unsuccessful, he said, chiefly because there were few houses for the employees near at hand, and they could not be sure of regular service from those living at a distance. In Charleston, he explained, the working people, both white and colored, find it easier and more profitable at some seasons of the year to get their living from oyster-fishing and from farming than from employment in the mills. In the Piedmont section, or the uplands, where this manager operates a successful mill, the character of the soil is such that there is no temptation for the hands to leave the mill to go

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back to the farms, and to this physical characteristic he attributes the fact that the cotton-mills are successful in the Piedmont district while unsuccessful in Charleston. As this manager's testimony is supported by that of the officials of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, which employs negro labor chiefly, it should put an end to the loose generalizations about the hopeless unreliability of negro labor. The line between reliable and unreliable laborers is not one of race, and the negro laborers, like the Italian, the Irish, and the Anglo-Saxon, must be judged individually and not collectively.

❀

The Boer War: Two Views

The most important event in South Africa last week was the issuance of a proclamation by General De Wet and President Steyn declaring that the British soldiers have not been observing the customs of civilized warfare, as defined by the Conventions at Geneva and The Hague. These Boer authorities charge that the British have captured doctors and ambulances and deported them, in order to prevent the Boer wounded from getting medical assistance; that they have arrested neutrals and deported them; that they have sent out marauding bands to plunder private property; that they have armed the blacks, and have used them against the Boers; that they have continually captured women and children and old men, and that there have been many deaths among the women because the "so-called Christian enemy had no consideration for women on a sick-bed, or for those whose state of health should have protected them against rough treatment. Honorable women and tender children have not only been treated roughly, but have been insulted by soldiers, by order of their officers. Moreover, old mothers and women have been raped, even wives and children." The proclamation then proceeds to deny that the Boers have been guilty of similar offenses. It is to be regretted, for the credit of the authors of the proclamation, that they did not emulate the example of Lord Roberts when he had occasion to call attention to the misuse of the white flag by Boers. He gave full data. Complaints of the violation of the rules of war, whether from one side or the other, should always be thus detailed. It is also unfortunate for the reputation of the Boer leaders that no mention has thus far been made by them of the alleged flogging and execution of the Boer peace committee's agents, which Lord Kitchener reported on January 13. We are loth to believe his account until it is confirmed from a Boer source by letter. The British possess all the telegraph facilities. As to the inhuman crimes against women, to which the proclamation calls attention, another testimony, also from a pro-Boer source, is equally worth quoting. It is from M. Constançon, Swiss Consul at Pretoria, and has just been published in the "Gazette de Lausanne." For nearly two decades M. Constançon has lived in Pretoria, and personally knows, not only all the townspeople, but all the Boer families in the district. After searching inquiries he writes that he has been unable to discover the outraged women who have been named. Furthermore, he adds that since the entry of the British troops he has traveled far and wide in the Transvaal, and nowhere has he heard from the women on the farms one word in criticism of British soldiers. We quote the concluding sentence from M. Constançon's letter: "Although we sympathize with the Boers, we must, in all justice, render homage to English officers and men for the humane manner in which they have conducted this war."

❀

Premier Zanardelli

The fall of the Saracco Cabinet in Italy is regretted by the "solid" element in that country, especially by the Liberal Roman Catholics. Signor Saracco always maintained a respectful and correct attitude towards the Church and the Papacy, uniting it to a liberalism which, however, cherished no illusions as to uniting official Italy and Papal Rome. Regrets are the more accentuated since the Ministry which has just been formed starts out weaker in the department of foreign affairs than was the old. Both by ability and experience the Marquis Visconti-Venosta was head and shoulders above any other candidate for the Foreign Ministry. He bears a great historic name and worthily represents the traditions of Cavour. His presence in the late Cabinet was an assurance of peace and honor

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for Italy's relations with the world. As the present numerical strength of Italian political parties does not give the necessary preponderance to any one of them, at almost the beginning of his reign the young King found himself called to unravel a knot which might have perplexed his experienced father; indeed, that wise paper, the "Journal de Genève," generally correct in its forecasts, opined that the crisis would be long. Yet Victor Emanuel III. solved it quickly. It appears that he has ideas of his own, and that they are "advanced." They would seem to be not only liberal but radical, for he charged Signor Zanardelli to construct a new Cabinet; he did not intrust that task to the Conservative and Liberal statesmen who had served Humbert I. Signor Zanardelli was surprisingly successful, but the reason was soon apparent; he had made a composite Cabinet, though the majority of its members naturally belong to the radical Liberals. It may be added that, among Italian statesmen and lawgivers, Signor Zanardelli is one of the ablest and has borne an excellent reputation. He is the author of the Italian Penal Code, in the opinion of many competent judges one of the best codes made during the past century. Signors Zanardelli and Giolitti (formerly Premier and a member of the new Cabinet) between them can count on about a hundred followers (Radicals) in the Chamber of Deputies, to which, in case of need, twenty each from the Extreme Right (Conservative) and the Extreme Left (Socialist) would be apt to ally themselves. The appointment of the new Cabinet looks in the direction of relief from the burdens of taxation and from the domination of the clergy, and generally augurs more progress but less peace.

❀

Count von Waldersee's Threat

At the beginning of last week, Count von Waldersee, commanding the allied forces in China, wrote to the generals under his supervision, asking them to have all their available troops ready by February 23, for an expedition which would last eighty days. He proposed to march from Peking westward at least as far as Taiyuen, capital of the province of Shansi, and presumably farther westward to Singan, capital of the province of Shensi. The Chinese court is in residence at Singan, and the implication was that an effort would be made to capture the Imperial family. The reason given for this course was the continuance of refusals on the part of the Empress Dowager to do what she had agreed to do in the matter of the demands to be made by the allies. When General Chaffee, commanding the American Legation Guard in Peking, was approached by the German Field-Marshal, he declined to take part in the expedition, and his course was emphatically approved, as we briefly noted last week, by Mr. Hay, Secretary of State, and by President McKinley. The United States Government regards any punitive expedition, undertaken against a power with which we are arranging terms of peace, as a breach of international faith. The German Government, however, and some other Governments have not been troubled by such sensitiveness. Much dissatisfaction was expressed by the European press in general at the failure of our Government to follow Count von Waldersee's lead. Some journals ascribed this failure to the paucity of American forces in China. Only a few seemed to grasp the fact that the reduction of the number of our soldiers there had been deliberately decided upon in order to avoid just such contingencies as that which arose last week. As far as we know, not one German paper was generous enough to mention the fact that in the legitimate employment of force —the rescue of the Peking Legations— American soldiers had done their full share, while the Germans were unfortunately conspicuous by their absence. It is believed by some of those best informed, however, that Count von Waldersee's threat was merely "bluff." If so, it was entirely successful.

❀

The Imperial Edict

An edict was immediately issued at Singan regarding the punishment of Chinese officials, in the main confirmatory of the demands made by the foreign Ministers. The result is that the lives of those demanded have been yielded, except in the case of the most powerful insurrectionist of them all, General Tung. The Court is powerless to molest him, as he is still further to the west in the province of

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Kansu, where he commands a large part of the Chinese army. He has a remarkable personal ascendency over his soldiers, especially over those who are Mohammedans, as he belongs to the religion of Islâm. While the Court agrees that he shall be degraded and deprived of his rank, no one believes that he will ever suffer severer punishment. Those royal rascals, Prince Tuan and Duke Lan, are to be disgraced and exiled. Prince Chuang and two other prominent leaders are to be ordered to commit suicide, while the remaining three in the list are to be beheaded. Suicide is no disgrace compared with beheading, since in China suicide is considered rather an aristocratic form of passing from one world to another. Furthermore, there is considerable doubt as to whether the suicides ordered will even be attempted. A recent Imperial decree had commanded all the indicted persons to commit suicide: as none of them complied with the order, it is presumable that an edict was afterwards sent instructing the persons implicated not to obey.

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Archbishop Favier on Looting

Much has been written concerning the attitude of Protestant missionaries in China in the matter of looting; not so much concerning that of Roman Catholic missionaries. It gives us special satisfaction, therefore, to note the reply made last week by Archbishop Favier, head of the French Roman Catholic Mission in North China, to the personal accusations made against him. Not only does he protest against their untruth; he declares his desire to place himself at the disposition of the allies, and to furnish a detailed reply to the calumnies. He adds, however, that if injury to any Chinese family by any Roman Catholic Christian be shown, he will make entire reparation. Commenting upon the statement, the London "Tablet" (Roman Catholic) calls attention to the fact that the foreign forces found nearly every establishment belonging to foreigners or to native Christians in Peking sacked and ruined. The "Tablet" also mentions another fact, and one not generally appreciated, namely, that the fury of the Boxers did not stop there, but that nearly two thousand shops belonging to non-Christians were also pillaged. Hence large numbers of natives, fearful of being mistaken for Boxers, rushed to Archbishop Favier and asked him to protect them. Though his own necessities and those of his people were altogether beyond his power to supply, he received these natives. When the siege was raised, the half-starved people sallied forth to get what they could to stay the pangs of hunger. Two ounces of food per day for many days had done little to allay those pangs. Rice and provisions were abundant in the neighboring shops. At first the people took only what was necessary, but it was not long before serious abuses manifested themselves. The Archbishop immediately issued an "instruction" in which he said: "I have been authorized by the Minister of France to get all the provisions necessary for food, clothing, and warmth for all of you who have been unfortunate and have suffered so heavily. But I myself make it a condition that the Minister should deduct the price of what we take for our present necessities from the indemnity which shall be paid by the Chinese Government. You have no right to take provisions or money or other things for your personal use from houses even which have been burned or abandoned." No less than six thousand refugees were with the Archbishop in Peking, and twenty thousand more were scattered around the surrounding districts. The honorable course of this Roman Catholic prelate has not been properly appreciated.

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Señor Buencamino and the Evangelicals

Señor Buencamino, a prominent Manila politician, has been endeavoring to further his interests by the use of Protestantism. At a recent gathering of the Federal party he addressed the five hundred persons present, asking his applauding audience to choose between the Roman Catholic Church *with* its friars and the new freedom of thought. He skillfully advanced Protestantism as both assuring freedom of thought and as providing a remedy for many of the evils of which Filipinos complain. Upon the conclusion of his speech he introduced the Rev. Mr. Rodgers, a missionary of the Presbyterian Board, who explained evangelical principles. Mr. Rodgers was fol-

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lowed by a Methodist missionary, and he by two native converts. It seems to have been a purpose with the Filipino leader to federate the Protestant endeavors in Manila into one evangelical movement. At all events, a week later, a second "evangelical meeting" was announced, at which the attendance was somewhat larger than that at the first meeting. The non-attendance of avowed Roman Catholics, however, was notable; Señor Buencamino said that the priests had directed them not to attend. An affirmative expression was taken of the views of the meeting on the desirability of establishing an Evangelical Church. At this second meeting no Methodist missionaries were present. They had ostensibly gone to attend the Methodist Conference at Singapore, but we note in the "Christian Advocate" (Methodist) the following significant statement: "A scheme is proposed to establish an Evangelical Church, so as to avoid the confusion of denominations and present one open and unequivocal substitute for Roman Catholicism, to be adapted to meet the wants of those who are dissatisfied with that body. This should be watched with considerable care by our representatives. No wave of enthusiasm, but the exercise of deliberate judgment, is called for in discussing a proposition of permanent character. If one Evangelical Church, so called, departs from sound doctrine, another will have to be started, and Methodism should certainly not affiliate with any body constructed on the jelly-fish principle, or with such vague statements of doctrine that persons could belong to it and hold almost any view of the main subject implied in the statement." On Sunday of last week two largely attended meetings were held under the auspices of the Evangelicals, and the despatch adds that Mr. Rodgers, with Señor Buencamino, is preparing articles on the new Church polity and government.

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Cuban Children: Educational Relief

The work of the Cuban Orphan Society has not been organized for physical relief alone; from the start its aim has been to emphasize educational more than physical results. As its recent report says: "The boys were taken from the streets, not so much to feed them as to save them from becoming thieves and law-breakers; the girls were sheltered, not solely from physical suffering, but from the loss of womanly delicacy and self-respect." Though our provisional government assumed control of the destitute, thousands of children still remained in homes where they lacked any character-building influences. This is notable in the case of half-orphans, who are not transferred, and should not be generally transferred, to State care. "When the curse of an exceedingly low standard of personal purity is added, there is small hope for the moral or physical well-being of such children." The Society, therefore, promptly established kindergartens and mothers' classes in the important towns of Santa Maria del Rosario (near Havana), Matanzas, Sagua, and Santiago. The children were found to be responsive, tractable, and fascinated with kindergarten methods. The report says: "Lack of mental occupation is a great curse to many classes in Cuba, notably to the well-to-do women and girls, and to all children. One could easily imagine the women rocking themselves into insanity." A second group of children needing help includes the very poor from six to fourteen years of age, but this help must be only educational in making available existing educational privileges. For want of clothing many children have to be exempt from attendance at public schools. A third problem has to do with the technical training of children for trades. The time is not yet ripe, says the manager of the Society's work, Miss Laura Gill, to introduce such instruction into the public-school system. Yet there is a great lack of skilled workmen in all trades; indeed, there are so few good workmen that it is hard to find a suitable place for a boy desiring to serve an apprenticeship; hence the Society has made a beginning in manual training. The Society's aim has been first to provide for the physical wants of children, and second to plan such work for them as would best aid in educational training. It is safe to say that no work in Cuba has been done more quietly or thoroughly, and that none is having better influence in helping a sister people towards laying the only foundation for self-government—character. To do this it is necessary to begin with the children.

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A Child Workers' Protective Association

The most casual observer in New York cannot fail to be struck by the extreme youth of the boys who are selling papers on the street at an hour when all children should be in bed and asleep. In 1899 the New York Child Workers' Protective Association was formed through the efforts of Mr. Thomas Campbell-Copeland, who found from his personal investigations that there were practically no restrictions governing the employment of child workers on the streets, and that provision for this unregarded class of the community was greatly needed. Inquiries into the conditions in other cities in the United States and abroad showed that in twenty-eight cities age-limits, ranging from ten to fourteen years, were prescribed for child street sellers. In Manchester, England, they must stop selling at 7 P.M., and in the other cities at ten o'clock all children must be off the streets. Providence and Boston license their bootblacks and newsboys on the presentation of school and good-character certificates. The Protective Association is very desirous that municipal legislation shall be enacted regulating the age at which street selling shall be allowed. It wishes meanwhile that the newsboys shall be uniformed —a measure which has had good results with the telegraph boys—that they shall be licensed and registered, a badge system instituted, and some general supervision exercised over them. Last week, to start the fund for the work of the Association, an Exposition was held in the Mechanics' Library Building of work done by children in industrial schools through the country. All the work was the product of children under sixteen, and very creditable were the specimens of wood and iron work, the sewing and drawing and designing, one of the most interesting exhibits coming from an industrial home for the blind in Nashville, Tenn. Throughout the Exposition practice classes of children from some of the Settlements in the city were held in weaving, carving, kitchen-gardening, and other industries. The exhibits gave emphasis to the words, "Give the children a chance," of one of the speakers at the public meeting held on the opening day, presided over by Dr. Rossiter Johnson, President of the People's University Extension Society, at which the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, the Hon. Charles Bulkley Hubbell, ex-President of the Board of Education, Mr. Rufus W. Frost, and others spoke. Mr. Hewitt thought that when he was a boy the opportunities for education in New York were more ample than now, as every child could find school accommodation. There was not then a great mass of children for whom no provision was made, and whom he considered a menace to the city until there should be a kindergarten on every block and an industrial school in every section. Unless, he said, every member of the community can share directly in the great accumulation of wealth, that accumulation is not subject for congratulation but for regret; and while perhaps as much is done for the relief of want and distress as is good for the community, not enough is done for the improvement of the environment in which members of the community live. All the speakers dwelt on the responsibility of the city to the children, who, it was said, were forgotten when it was laid out. Seven cities in the United States are watching the results of the Association's plan, and may, it is thought, adopt similar measures.

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Prisons as Centers of Contagion

The proposal to move the Sing Sing prison from its present place because of its unsanitary site and conditions has brought out facts which should serve as a warning. Mr. Wingate, who examined the prison at the request of the New York Prison Association, found that the stone walls drip with moisture in damp weather and are chilly in summer; that sun and light are cut off nearly altogether; that the prison lies in a hollow, receives the drainage from the higher land, and is on made ground; that in cells having two inmates there is an air supply of only seventy-two and one-half feet per head, whereas the minimum air-space now required in lodging-houses, tenements, schools, and prisons is from three hundred to six hundred feet, and that to be continually replenished, as it is not at Sing Sing. Mr. Wingate points out that it is as inhuman to refuse a prisoner light and air in healthful quantities as to refuse him food and drink, yet the Sing Sing prisoners have less than one-third the

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normal amount. Drainage and plumbing are also poor. The result of all these defects has been epidemics of typhoid and consumption, general weakness and sickness of the inmates, and an abnormal death-rate. No doubt ignorance of true sanitary laws at the time this prison was built (1824) may account for many of these defects, but it is unhappily true that many buildings of much later date are in greater or less measure open to similar criticism. The duty of State and municipal authorities to treat those under their care humanely is too evident to need argument; a thorough sanitary crusade among penal and charitable institutions might, and we think would, reveal much in this direction that would demand instant reform.

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The Salvation Army and the Stage

The announcement has just been made that the Salvation Army is to produce plays, and that the characters will be taken by Army members. The promoters of this particular scheme seem to think that, by presenting moral dramas, immoral companies and productions will be driven out of the business. The chief promoter is Major Winchell, of Peoria, Ill. "Churches say the theaters are no good," says he, "but the theaters outdraw the churches every day. Now, if people want to see plays, they are bound to go to theaters. My idea is that by giving the best shows we can keep people out of the theaters where the plays are bad." Writing to The Outlook, Major Winchell declares that for several years he has been impressed with the power of the stage as a factor in the salvation of the world. Do not semi-religious plays, asks he, such as "Quo Vadis" and "Ben Hur," touch a chord in the human heart not to be reached by anything else? Hence, never eliminating the beneficial effect of pure mirth, he would have the production of strong plays with lessons leading up to thoughts of the higher life. Practically to carry out his idea, Major Winchell has written and copyrighted three dramas, "The New Homestead," "The Prize Fight of Life," and "Jonah." Major Winchell says that his Homestead company is already meeting with great success in the small towns of Illinois. It is well to remember, however, that plays must be good as art no less than in morals; a poor theater might be clean but would not be desirable.

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Hebrew Visitors in Palestine

United States Consul Merrill, at Jerusalem, reports that the Turkish Minister of the Interior at Constantinople has issued an order relative to Jews who visit Palestine. It seems that this order has already gone into effect. It applies to all Hebrews who go to Palestine from other countries, either as pilgrims or as visitors. The conditions of the order are as follows: On arriving at the Syrian frontier, the visitor must deliver his passport to the authorities and receive therefor a Turkish document. The visitor may remain in the country three months. At the expiration of that time he must leave, surrendering the Turkish permit and receiving his own. In case of any overstay, the various foreign Consuls are to compel their compatriots to leave. The action of the United States Consul will, of course, be determined by the rights of American citizens in each case. The query arises, Is this order due to Zionism?

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For a New Catechism

A discussion some months ago in the "Biblical World" and elsewhere, on the question of promoting catechetical instruction in Sunday-schools, has borne fruit in a well-considered plan for that purpose. The editors of the "Biblical World," of whom President Harper, of Chicago University, is chief, have asked ten or more representative men to prepare upon each of twelve topics, into which the subject matter of Christian teaching has been distributed, a list of questions, the proper answers to which would be most instructive to pupils between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. After obtaining in this way a general expression of opinion, it is intended to proceed to formulate a catechism, and to submit it to criticism. This strikes us as the most rational method of procedure in a confessedly difficult undertaking. These lists of questions are to be published monthly in the "Biblical World." In the January issue three topics, the Old Testament, the New Testament, and Biblical Revelation, appear,

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with lists of about ten questions on each, by eight or nine scholars of recognized reputation. The authors of the plan have done wisely in undertaking first to meet the needs of older pupils, but the natural sequel will be in simplifying the work for the needs of younger ones. The catechetical method, which the modern Sunday-school has generally disused, is unsurpassed in its capacity for definiteness of instruction and for fixing it in memory. Numerous catechisms recently prepared by individual pastors indicate that the need of a return to it is widely felt. For the best adaptation of it to general use a co-operative effort, such as that above described, is more promising than any individual undertaking.

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Incipient Reform in Hinduism

The counter-reformation in the Roman Catholic Church during the sixteenth century, which was compelled by the progress of Protestantism, is having an interesting parallel in the efforts for social and religious reform now making in Hinduism to counteract the steady advance of Christianity in alliance with Western civilization. Cultivated Hindus feel shame in the contradiction between their enlightened convictions and conduct to which they are constrained by their religious traditions, as in matters of caste. Some of the worst abuses connected with child-marriage the Pundita Ramabai has denounced as traditions unsanctioned by the sacred books. Accordingly, the spirit of reform shows itself in a new interest in the study of those books. Schools for this are opened, and prizes offered. The polytheism which has been grafted upon the purer primitive religion is also attacked. Says an association in South India, "The times when one worshiped dumb idols are gone by." There is a demand for the better education of the priesthood, with denunciation of its uncultivated members and their reactionary attitude. A different tone is also adopted toward Jesus. An orthodox Brahman, a college professor, has published an essay entitled "The Mission of Jesus in the Light of the Vedanta Philosophy," which undertakes to identify the essential teaching of Jesus with the inmost import of the Vedas. This is a great advance for Hinduism from the time when it despised him as the teacher of pariahs. It is noteworthy here that this learned Hindu starts from the point that Jesus was "an Asiatic," and his whole argument admits that among Asiatic peoples Jesus is coming to his own.

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Protecting the Family

It is a good augury that the annual report of the National League for the Protection of the Family, now in its twenty-first year, commands steadily increasing attention. The report just issued is most encouraging. The Commissions of the States for uniform legislation, increased during the year from thirty-two to thirty-five, have perfected the bill for a uniform law of divorce procedure. This, which the report prints in full, is to come before many Legislatures this winter. Besides this general effort, special efforts to improve the divorce laws are in progress in six States. For some years there has been a steady movement toward better laws both for marriage and divorce. In the present outlook for uniformity the League sees more hope than in the policy of reform by Constitutional amendment, which it has never favored except as a last resort. The position of the Church on the subject of divorce and the remarriage of divorced persons elicits the comment that "the feeling is growing that the mischiefs of our conflicting State laws are matched by similar evils within the Church itself." Judicious recommendations are made of some feasible first steps to cure these evils. Special comments follow touching the effort of the Episcopal Church to perfect its canons on the subject. The philosophic justice of this remark commends itself: "Perhaps the most fundamental need of us all is to find that common ground on which the ecclesiastically trained mind, the learned jurist, the student of social science, and the man of practical affairs can stand together, and from which they can intelligently study what is a common problem." In calling attention to the need of greater care for the moralities of sex, the point is made that this must be largely the work of the home, and in the creation of homelike conditions for the homeless. But the home has been overshadowed by the school. "When the home gets the attention and the care that

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have been so generally bestowed on the Sunday-school and the public school, or anything like it, we shall see a great change." A marked advance toward this is already apparent in our higher institutions of learning. Copies of this report may be had by addressing the Secretary, the Rev. S. W. Dike, LL.D., Auburndale, Mass.

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Stanford University and Professor Ross

A most important contribution to public information in regard to the recent dismissal of Professor E. A. Ross, and the subsequent withdrawal of several of his associates from the Leland Stanford University, is in the form of a report made by a committee, consisting of Professor Seligman, of Columbia, Professor Farnam, of Yale, and Professor Gardner, of Brown, appointed at a meeting of members of the American Economic Association, in Detroit, to investigate the whole subject. This committee report that they have examined a large mass of documentary evidence, used every effort to get at all the facts in the case, studied the statements in the newspapers, asked President Jordan for a full statement of the causes which led to Professor Ross's removal, obtained copies of the letters bearing upon the case from various persons, including Professor Ross and President Jordan, and, after carefully sifting this evidence, are of the opinion that the causes which led to the dismissal of Professor Ross existed in May, 1900; that, although the dismissal of Professor Ross may have been occasioned by his published statement of November 14, his resignation was practically forced by the wish of Mrs. Stanford; that her wishes were expressed as early as May, 1900; that the delay in the acceptance of Professor Ross's resignation was due to President Jordan's endeavor to overcome Mrs. Stanford's objections; that, in the judgment of the committee, no evidence has been adduced to show that Professor Ross was dismissed for any defect of character, President Jordan having stated specifically that the dismissal was not based on any such ground; that there is no evidence to show that Professor Ross was dismissed for incompetency, but, on the contrary, President Jordan characterized him as "a careful thinker and a patient investigator, . . . a constant source of strength; . . . one of the best teachers, always just, moderate, and fair;" that there is no evidence to show that Professor Ross was dismissed for any unfaithfulness in the discharge of his duties; on the contrary, President Jordan stated that "he has been most loyal, accepting extra work and all kinds of embarrassment without a word of complaint;" that there is no evidence to show that Professor Ross violated any confidence reposed in him; that there is no evidence to show that, in the opinion of the President of the University, Professor Ross overstepped the limits of professional propriety in his utterances on the silver question, on coolie immigration, and on municipal ownership; that there is evidence to show that Mrs. Stanford's objections to Professor Ross were due, in part at least, to his former attitude on the silver question, and to his utterances on coolie immigration and on municipal ownership; and that, while her dissatisfaction antedated his utterances on coolie immigration and ownership, it was greatly increased by these utterances. The report shows that President Jordan attempted to modify Mrs. Stanford's opinion, but was unable to do so. In a letter written in June, 1900, he said: "The matter of immigration she [Mrs. Stanford] takes most seriously."

This report received the confirmation of a group of men whose names are part of the history of the case by reason of their authority and academic standing:

HORACE WHITE, Editor of the "Evening Post," New York.
JOHN B. CLARK, Columbia University.
HENRY C. ADAMS, University of Michigan.
FRANK W. TAUSSIG, Harvard University.
RICHARD T. ELY, University of Wisconsin.
SIMON N. PATTEN, University of Pennsylvania.
RICHMOND MAYO-SMITH, Columbia University.
JOHN C. SCHWAB, Yale University.
SIDNEY SHERWOOD, Johns Hopkins University.
FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS, Columbia University.
WILLIAM J. ASHLEY, Harvard University.
CHARLES H. HULL, Cornell University.
DAVIS R. DEWEY, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
HENRY C. EMERY, Yale University.
HENRY R. SEAGER, University of Pennsylvania.

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To this report President Jordan has made a brief rejoinder, notable rather for what it omits than for what it says. He contents himself with reiterating the statements that Professor Ross was not dismissed on account of his views on Oriental immigration or on any economic question; that he was dismissed because he was not the proper man for the place he held; that his dismissal reflects no discredit on his private character. The case has gone too far for the admission of a letter of so general a character as a piece of evidence; and the statements in this letter do not harmonize with earlier letters written by Dr. Jordan. All the facts brought out by this official committee confirm the view which The Outlook has taken of this unfortunate affair from the beginning; and Dr. Jordan's attempt to modify Mrs. Stanford's judgment of Professor Ross is evidence that Stanford University is controlled by a private individual instead of by a board of trustees or a faculty—a form of organization which is simply impossible for a university of standing.

The interest of the country in this matter is significant of its intelligent perception of the value of its universities; and the committee's report indicates solidarity of the academic body in standing together for that which is vital in all university life—freedom of investigation and freedom of teaching. Men who differ radically from Professor Ross on economic questions have wholly subordinated their differences to the common cause of freedom of teaching. It has been intimated by some unwise defenders of Leland Stanford University that the institution need concern itself very little with regard to popular opinion, since it has an endowment of $26,000,000. It may be well, therefore, to emphasize the fact that a very valuable part of the endowment of a university is public confidence; that a university which has millions of money without confidence is a poor institution, while a university which is relatively poor in funds, but commands public respect and confidence, is rich in those elements which go to the making of a great university. The deep interest which this affair has awakened and the fine response of the teaching body inspires new faith in the essential health of the American character.

Direct Primaries Demanded

The reform of primary elections is before the Legislatures in a dozen different States, and in the Central West has been the foremost subject of discussion. The recent trial of direct primaries in Minneapolis, Minn., has forced every one to recognize that disinterested citizens will attend primaries almost *en masse* if they are allowed to vote directly for candidates instead of merely for delegates to nominating conventions; and in all the Northwestern States there is a strong popular demand that nominating conventions shall be abolished, just as they have already been in South Carolina and Georgia. In both Michigan and Indiana bills abolishing conventions in the counties containing the largest cities of each commonwealth have been passed by the House of Representatives, though in Michigan at least the Senate has rejected the reform by a small majority.

The conflict centers in Wisconsin, where ex-Congressman La Follette—for years leader of the anti-monopoly wing of the Republican party—is now Governor, and is using all of his great influence to secure the adoption of a direct primary law covering the entire State. Governor La Follette, it will be recalled, won his fight completely in the nominating convention, and obtained for direct primaries an indorsement which seemed to pledge every legislator professing party loyalty to support a comprehensive direct primary law. But pledges of this sort, which are opposed by powerful interests, are more readily made during campaigns than redeemed after their close, and Wisconsin is now witnessing the spectacle of legislators who profess to favor nominations by the people in the abstract, but oppose the concrete bills to carry this principle into effect. As usual, the opposition to the reform professes the same ends as the reformers. The opponents of the bills are "as much opposed to machine rule as the reformers," but they object to the proposed primary election law because the difficulty of going to the polls in the rural districts will "lessen the political influence of the farmers," because the expense of making a canvass among the general body of voters will

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embarrass the "poorer candidates," and because the election will be generally burdensome to the whole body of voters. In reply to the first of these objections it only needs to be remarked that the movement for direct primaries has received its chief support from the farming districts of distinctively farming States, because the caucus system always put political control in the hands of a knot of politicians in the cities or county towns. In reply to the second objection it only needs to be recalled that the direct primary movement has received all its support from the opponents of the political control of moneyed interests.

One of the chief objections to the caucus system is that it prevents the candidacy of men unable or unwilling to buy their nomination or become the tools of powerful interests which will buy it for them. The third objection to the direct primary—that it imposes a burden upon the whole body of voters—is valid enough, but the same objection holds against all democratic institutions. The distinctive thing about democracy is that it imposes political duties upon the whole people, instead of leaving one man or a few men to look after public affairs. The fact that direct primaries do impose upon all the duty of taking part in the nomination of public officers is one of the chief arguments in its favor. This duty creates a better citizenship, and a better citizenship is even more important than the better government which it finally secures.

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An Epoch for Faith

According to an old college story a student accustomed to recite memoriter, without much understanding of his theme, recited in geometry the axiom, "Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other." "How does that appear?" the professor blandly asked him. The student proceeded to attempt a demonstration, and presently became so helplessly mixed that the professor concluded to give him a little assistance. "On the same principle, I suppose, things which are greater than the same thing are greater than each other." "Yes," said the student, with confidence. "And things which are less than the same thing are less than each other." "Y-e-s," said the student, with less confidence. "That will do," said the professor; "you can sit down." And he sat down.

There are certain truths that cannot be demonstrated; we must take them for granted as the postulates of all reason. It is not of any great practical importance to determine whether these axioms are intuitively known, or whether they are laws of the mind, so that, whether true or not, we have to act as though they were true, or whether they are the inherited result of ages of experience. They have now, by whatever method, entered into our being and are a part of human nature. The denial of them cannot be met by demonstration, but none the less are they accepted, none the less is life based upon them. If a man denies that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other, we decline to enter into argument with him. Either he regards us as lacking in sanity or we must regard him as lacking in sanity, unless, indeed, he is simply playing a joke upon us. This principle Dr. George A. Gordon puts with great force and beauty of expression in the first chapter of his volume just issued—"The New Epoch for Faith." We here do but report his exposition.

One of these truths which we accept as an axiom is the existence of matter. "The basal premise of science is the reality of the external world. Of this reality there is no proof. None is needed. Every one knows that the world is real." In these sentences is summed up the final argument against that pseudo-idealism which denies or thinks it denies the reality of matter. How do we know that we are not all dreaming? that health and disease, heat and cold, hunger and satiety, are anything more than states of mind? Why not say to ourselves, Be fed, and hunger no more; Be warm, and suffer no more cold; Be well, and banish disease? The answer is, The external world is real, and "of this reality there is no proof; none is needed.' To deny its reality and demand proof is like denying that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other. It argues a certain lack of sanity. He who makes such denial is either so far in advance of the rest of us in his spiritual power or so far behind the rest

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of us in his common sense that there is no common ground on which to conduct an argument. We still go on feeding hunger and satisfying it with food, feeling the cold and providing for warmth by fire, suffering from disease and seeking for remedies.

So the reality of the self-conscious soul is an axiom. "I think, therefore I am," sums up the whole argument for spiritual existence. If the materialist asks us how we know that thought is not an emanation of matter, a kind of subtler electricity, how we can demonstrate to him the falsity of the hypothesis that "the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile," the only answer is, Of the reality of spirit, as of the reality of matter, there is no proof, and none is needed. It is as impossible to prove its reality to the man who denies it, as it would be to prove to him that two and two make four if he were to insist that they make five, or to convince him that things which are greater than the same thing are not greater than each other, if he gravely affirmed that proposition. In the same category of truths surely known belongs the freedom of the will. "All argument," says Dr. Johnson, "is against the freedom of the will. We know we're free; and that's the end on't." The consciousness of freedom and of moral responsibility based on freedom is a part of the mind's constitution. There is no escape from it. Our whole legal, industrial, and social systems are built upon it. Philosophers may explain it as they please; but they cannot expunge it from human consciousness.

In the same category Dr. Gordon puts our knowledge of God:

> The fundamental ideas of faith are of this order. Their reality for the life of man is discovered by their own light. They are not the issue of demonstration. They are the subject of verification, but not of proof. The certainty to which men come concerning them is the certainty of insight, of sane reason, of repose upon the ultimate conditions of the life of human beings. For example, if one shall exclude God from life, and then try to find him by logical process, the quest will be vain. One may as well try to construct a flight of stairs to enable one to touch the sky. The attempt is fruitless and unnecessary; fruitless because as fast as one rises the sky recedes; unnecessary because the sky is with one now. It is the condition of one's physical existence; it is in one's blood and sinew and brain. There is no need to mount to heaven to find it; walk abroad in it, and it will renew the revelation of its reality in the wonder of renewed life. God is not reached as the last conclusion of the intellect from premises that exclude him. No logical flight of stairs can convey the mind from a godless earth to anything other than a godless heaven. God is known as the supreme condition of spiritual life. Men know him through the life that he first makes possible and afterwards real. They live and move and have their being as men in him. He is in the blood and substance of character, and from him spiritual existence is renewed day by day. The being of God, the moral order of the world, the worth of history, the immortality of man, and the social life beyond time are fundamental assumptions. They are best discussed when they are discussed in their own light as they stand in the service of human life.

We have quoted this paragraph in full because it cannot be condensed. Of course the reader must distinguish between this fundamental faith in God and his own personal conception of God. The first is a universal postulate of humanity; the second is a personal definition or imagination. The second is different in different persons, in different epochs, and in different ages in the same person. The child's concept of God is not the same as the adult scholar's concept; the savage's concept is not the same as the devout Christian's concept. But there is a common faith, or, if the reader prefer, a common postulate, underlying them all. This common postulate is real, though it is difficult to express. It is the accepted axiom of the sane mind that there is an unseen Energy behind all material phenomena; a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness behind all human life; a physical order in the universe, and on this postulate all science is based; a moral order in the universe, and on this postulate all study of history, literature, and the social organization is based. The man who is looked upon with opprobrium as an infidel, if he be sane, does not disbelieve in this; what he disbelieves is his neighbor's dogmatic definitions. The agnostic affirms his faith in such a Power in the same breath in which he affirms that we cannot apprehend its true nature. He who imagines that he thinks that man's intelligence is the supreme intelligence, man's will the final will, human energy the sole energy, is deceived by his own egotism and does not think at all.

We wish that all preachers could read

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and re-read the first chapter of Dr. Gordon's volume, and could be made to see that what their congregations need from them is not proof that God is, any more than they need proof that matter is or soul is. They need preachers in whom this consciousness of God is a clear vision enlightening the eyes, and a vital power controlling the will. They need preachers who will assume these postulates of all thought and awaken in the minds of others the now dormant consciousness of their reality. Many men, perhaps most men, live in a half-consciousness of spiritual truth, as, in that curious experience between waking and sleep, we are half-conscious of what is going on around us. What we want of preachers is men who are wholly awake and have power to waken us to see and know what we are and to see and know the God who is about us and within us. It is this spiritual perception of the unproved realities of the spiritual life, this "evidence of things not seen," which constitutes faith; and the epoch which is rudely shaking the traditions of others' faith on which men have been reposing, and awaking them to see for themselves, Dr. Gordon well characterizes as "An Epoch for Faith."

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True Temperance Reform

In striking contrast to Mrs. Nation's sporadic and sensational attempt to secure the enforcement of law by the breaking of law were the poise and thoroughly constructive spirit of Miss Willard, brought out afresh in the sympathetic and affectionate characterization of her spirit and her work by Lady Somerset recently published in this country. Among the many women who have come to the front in the public life of the country during the last three decades, and especially in the various fields of reform, none has brought a finer personality, greater devotion, or clearer judgment than Miss Willard. She was a type of the free, well-balanced, warm-hearted, large-minded American woman who inherits the fineness of instinct and the tradition of refinement of the older world, and adds to them the enlarged vitality of a more flexible environment and a wider field.

To the women of the country, under such leadership as Miss Willard's, the growth of temperance sentiment is very largely due; and it will be by the co-operation and the organized effort of American women that this sentiment will finally prevail, in spite of the indifference of a host of people who are content to take things as they are and who do not bear the burden of social conditions heavily on their consciences, in the face of organized opposition representing a vast amount of capital and an army of men, and of unwise and shortsighted methods which often contain in themselves the seeds of strong reactionary movement.

The spread of the temperance sentiment and the acceptance of the principle of temperance during the last generation have been among the notable characteristics of our time, and among its most encouraging features. Nothing could be more striking, as illustrating a contrast of condition, than the drinking habits among good people of to-day and fifty years ago; nothing could be more striking than the difference in attitude toward the temperance question taken by the representative men of to-day and that held by representative men of fifty years ago. Gradually, and for the most part silently, the conviction has formed in the minds of a host of Americans that the principle of self-control, which is at the basis of the temperance movement, is the primary condition of social order, of National progress, and of individual well-being.

Under no other political organization is there greater necessity for temperance, in the New Testament sense of the term, than in a democracy like our own; for the very essence of democracy is self-mastery. In such a country as ours every man must be a law unto himself, since every man is not only a citizen, but a governor as well; and if there be any possession of the English-speaking race which is entitled to the first place in point of moral and political value, it is the habit of self-control. Every man who violates that principle becomes not only untrue to himself, but false to his country; for it is impossible to preserve freedom without temperance, as it is impossible to maintain orderly government without individual self-control. Temperance is not saving the tempted man here and there from ruin, or shutting up the saloons so that

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temptation is no longer set in a man's path at every street corner; it is not primarily the saving of a class; it is the preservation and well-being of a nation. The perception of this fact, instinctively if not intelligently, is behind all the movements looking to the restriction and control of the sale of liquor. Here, as so often happens in every field, popular instinct is sound, although the short-cuts which are sometimes temporarily advocated and adopted are often mistaken and unwise. There is a widespread determination that Americans shall be temperate, and that the conditions of our life shall aid them to be temperate by removing temptation from their path, and by making intemperance not only disgraceful but difficult.

From this point of view even such excesses as those which have been committed under Mrs. Nation's leadership, and which are simply the ephemeral outbursts of popular indignation, exploited to-day in the newspapers and forgotten to-morrow, have a moral significance, and are not devoid of a certain hopeful promise. It is an evil thing when lawlessness is met by lawlessness; but wrath against the lawbreaker is a source of power when it is wisely directed; better a thousand times passionate outbursts of public opinion against wrong than the passive indifference which submits rather than take the trouble to express itself. It is not along such lines as these, however, nor will it be by any pressure of law, that the habit of temperance will become universal in America. There ought to be, and there will be, wise restriction; there ought to be, and there will be, judicious and well-considered methods of removing temptation from the path of the young, the unwary, and the weak; but the real hope of the temperance movement is to be found in the moral conviction and the moral fervor of the American people. Whatever tends to make the ideal of temperance as a fundamental rule of life clearer, and to emphasize its importance by making plain the appalling consequences which attend its violation, will do more to advance the cause of temperance reform and to establish the universal habit of temperance than legislation or sensational agitation. Ultimately the habit of temperance must rest on moral conviction; therefore the wise methods of dealing with the problem must always be educational in result if not in process.

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The Making of Americans

The Outlook, which aims to bring vital principles to bear on the lives of its readers and to interpret life to them and for them in its highest form and through its most spiritual influences, counts itself fortunate to have been able to put before its readers in successive issues the story of such a career as that which Mr. Booker T. Washington has described in his autobiography, and now to be able, without the intermission of a week, to follow so striking an exhibit of the force of character and the fruit of intelligence with another story of a life penetrated with the same intense humanity, lifted up by the same devotion to principle, and advancing in the same marvelous way from small beginnings to large opportunities and notable achievement.

The story of his life, which Mr. Jacob A. Riis will tell in The Outlook, beginning this week, under the title "The Making of an American," deserves a place beside the story which Mr. Washington has told; they are parts of the same revelation of the spirit and the possibilities of American life. In the sixteenth century the lives of these two men would have been told in the terms of adventure, wide activity, warfare, and heroism, for they are both the stuff of which heroic men are made; in the present century they are told in the terms of peace, of work, of patience, of faith, and of service. Perhaps nothing registers more clearly the advance of the race than this difference in the ideals of character between the sixteenth and the twentieth centuries.

Trees are to be judged by their fruits, and American civilization must be judged, not by its institutions nor by its methods of social organization, but by the men and women who grow out of its soil and under its conditions. Forms of government are matters of method; the end of government is to produce the highest type of men and women; that government is best, whatever its form, which liberates

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the largest amount of individual force, shapes it to the finest ends, and gets the most efficient work out of it. America is still largely a promise. Its achievement has been considerable, but the noblest fruits of our civilization are still to be husbanded. The country stands pre-eminently for opportunity; for the largest chance for the individual man to make the most and the best of himself; all the exploitation of free institutions which orators have made are as nothing compared with the story which has been told by Mr. Washington, and that which is to be told by Mr. Riis.

If there is any single book which deeply and searchingly interprets the spirit of America to the world, it must be a book like Mr. Washington's autobiography; a book which traces the stages by which a man, not only of an alien race, but of another color, rises from slavery to a foremost position in the estimation of the best people of his time, to a place of great prominence, and to a work the magnitude of which it is impossible to estimate. Spiritually, it is a fairy story, a wonder tale, a romance of insignificant beginnings and great developments; as much a piece of magic as the feats of the old magicians who seemed to create much out of nothing, and with a wave of a staff to erect palaces. No building of material making is half so impressive as a human life founded in integrity, built up in strength, with great outlooks, a commanding position, and shelter and food for multitudes. That is precisely the kind of structure which Mr. Washington has built with his own hands, making bricks as he went along, learning how to lay them as he laid them; without ancestral background, without inherited friendships, without social position, and without early educational opportunities—without everything that most men regard as the necessary tools of success. Among the many discouraging signs of the times, and in the tumult and confusion of American life at this transitional stage, and in the face of the temptations offered by gigantic fortunes, the typical story of America is the story of the individual man making his way from obscurity into prominence, from ignorance into knowledge, from slavery to freedom.

The same theme is worked out in the story told by Mr. Riis, with a charm of sentiment and a grace of style which the readers of The Outlook will not fail to appreciate. The emphasis of the romance of Mr. Riis's life will rest, however, on another quality in the American atmosphere—the quality which transforms every receptive man who comes into it, whatever his race, into a true-born American. The title of Mr. Washington's autobiography was significant of America as an opportunity; the title of Mr. Riis's autobiography is significant of America as a unifying force able to receive racial material of every sort and to refashion it, not into uniformity, but into acceptance of the same principles of life and the same devotion and the same faith. Such is the power of assimilation on this continent that it soon becomes a matter of indifference from what country a man came; whether he speak the English, the French, the German, the Italian, or the Danish language. Let him be here but a little time and open himself to the influences which play upon every receptive human spirit here, and he will soon speak with the American accent out of the American heart. It is the open door which has not only made America the synonym for free opportunity throughout the world, but which has drawn to it those vital and aspiring spirits many of whom have been among the elect of the races, and who have contributed to the new civilization of the New World many kinds of strength, many varieties of interest, and many qualities of character.

Those who despair of America because of the very serious evils which are still to be overcome, and because of very serious defects, due not so much to our system as to our loose method of working that system, do not take into account the invisible America which takes a man like Mr. Washington by the hand and leads him from slavery to the presidency of a college, or a man like Mr. Riis, who comes an immigrant to a new world and within a few brief years is recognized as one of its most efficient, sagacious, and influential citizens. Here are to be found the basis of free institutions, the justification of American civilization, the promise of the greater achievements of the future; for the highest product in America, as elsewhere, can never be things, but must always be men.

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The Tuskegee Negro Conference

By Max Bennett Thrasher

WHEN I asked the Principal of Tuskegee Institute how he came to establish what is now known as the Tuskegee Negro Conference, which this year met on February 20–21, Mr. Washington said: "Soon after the school was established here I became impressed with the idea that a great deal of good might be accomplished by some movement which would interest the older people and inspire them to work for their own elevation. I think what brought this to my mind was my repeatedly noticing the unusual amount of common sense displayed by what is termed the ignorant colored man of the South. In my opinion, the uneducated black man in the South, especially the one living in the country districts, has more natural sense than the uneducated, ignorant class of almost any other race. I decided that a people who could see so clearly into their own condition, and describe it so vividly as these people can, could be led to do a great deal toward their own elevation. As a result I called the first session of what has since become the Tuskegee Negro Conference."

In ten years' time, from a company of three hundred men and women living near Tuskegee, drawn here largely by curiosity to see the school, with little definite idea of what they had come for, and talking two or three at a time if they spoke at all at the sessions, the Conference has grown to be an orderly, intelligent body, furnishing reliable information of conditions in many places, receiving reports from innumerable local conferences which have been organized tributary to this central gathering, and exerting an influence for good through almost every Southern State.

"O Lord, we want to thank Thee for this, our one day of schooling in the whole year!" I heard a grizzled old negro minister say, one day, in his opening prayer at one of the sessions; and that is just what it is for many of these men and women who attend. Freedom came too late in the lives of many of them for them to get the education which they see their children getting at Hampton, and Tuskegee, and Fisk, and other schools; they must get the learning which they are to have, largely through the help of such agencies as this Conference.

I saw the Tuskegee Conference first five years ago, and I have seen every session since. Then the meetings were held in a rude temporary shed, improvised as an Institute chapel because the school had outgrown any single audience-room which it then possessed. The walls of that building were of unplaned boards, hung on the inside with Spanish moss to half hide their bareness, and with a few flags fastened back among the moss with palmetto leaves. The floor of the building was the earth, and the seats were backless benches made by spiking planks on to posts driven into the ground. The room never began to hold the hundreds who came to the meetings, and the late comers, crowding about the doors and windows like bees about the mouth of a hive, shut out the light until the dusky interior was made still more dim.

Most of the men who spoke, in those days, wore overalls and collarless blue-jeans shirts, and they were likely to flourish a seven-foot ox-goad to emphasize their remarks with. The oxen and steers and bulls and mules and horses which they had driven—sometimes forty miles over red clay mud roads—to get them to Tuskegee, were left hitched in a ten-acre lot outside the building—as strange a collection of beasts and vehicles, I am sure, as ever was brought together in any one place. The women who came with these men wore calico dresses, and had their heads tied up tightly in bandannas or white head-cloths, or else wore flapping sunbonnets, from beneath which their eyes shone big and white and earnest in the dim light of the room.

Now the Conference meets in the Institute chapel, a handsome brick structure capable of seating over two thousand persons, and built by the students, even from the bricks which went into its walls. Overalls and jeans shirts and bandannas and sunbonnets there still are here and there on persons in the audience, but they

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are few compared with what were there five years ago, and the speakers are more intelligent, the reports more coherent.

It may be asked, perhaps, if this is really an advantage; if this is as representative a gathering as that more motley one of a few years ago; if the real common people are getting the benefit of the Conference as they did then. From careful watching of the meetings, from talking with the delegates, and from quite a wide experience in going about through the South, where I have seen some of these people at their homes, I am inclined to believe that the change is an indication of improvement. I think many of the people who come here now are like the old colored farmer whom Mr. Washington tells of meeting not long ago on his way to camp-meeting.

"Can you afford to go to camp-meeting, Uncle Jake?" Mr. Washington asked, after the time of day had been passed.

"Yes, Mr. Washin'ton," said the farmer. "I hain't been to no camp-meetin' for eight years, an' I's sho' gwine this year. Eight years ago I went to your Conf'rence for the fust time," he went on, "an' you done tole us to buy land, an' build better houses, an' git a bank account; an' I's been tryin' to foller your advice. I's bought me a hundred an' sixty acres of land, an' I's done paid the last dollar on the land. I's built me a good house on the land. The house has got four rooms to it, an' it's painted on the outside an' on the inside. I don't owe nobody nuffin on the house; an' I's sho' gwine to camp-meetin' this year, Mr. Washin'ton.

"You see them two big black mules, Mr. Washin'ton," the man continued, pointing to the mules which he was driving. "Them's Jake's mules. There hain't no man got a mortgage on them mules, an' the mules is gwine to camp-meetin'. That's Jake's wagon, too," pointing down with one thumb to the lumber-wagon in which he was sitting. "I don't owe no man for it; an' the wagon's gwine to camp-meetin'.

"You see them two gals," turning to two young women on the seat behind him. "Them's my gals. You see the dresses what the gals has got on? I bought the cloth, but the gals made every stitch of the dresses themselves, and they don't owe nobody five cents for them dresses; an' the gals got a right to go to camp-meetin', too.

"You see that co'n braid an' fat meat," lifting a basket from the bottom of the wagon and turning back a corner of the cloth which covered the contents. "That's no store-bought braid an' meat. I raised the co'n an' the hogs, an' the old woman cooked 'em; an' now, Mr. Washin'ton, we's all gwine to camp-meetin' together, an' we's gwine to praise God an' have a grand time, 'kase we's got 'ligion in our hearts an' money in our pockets."

The attendance this year has been very large. The chapel has been so crowded that sometimes hundreds have been standing. Mr. Washington tells me that he thinks it the best Conference in the history of the movement. In his opening address, Wednesday morning, he said that he thought the greatest good that had been obtained from the ten years' series of meetings had been the creation of a spirit of hopefulness in those who attend —a faith in the race and in its future.

How practical the discussions are may be seen from these extracts from the set of declarations adopted by this session of the Conference:

1. We have reached the tenth annual session of the Tuskegee Negro Conference. During all the years since the Conference was started, we have clung steadily to its original purpose, viz., to encourage the buying of land, getting rid of the one-room cabin and the abuse of the mortgage system, the raising of food supplies, building better school-houses, the lengthening of the school term and the securing of better teachers and preachers, the doing away with sectarian prejudice, the improvement of the moral condition of the masses, and the encouragement of friendly relations between the races. In all these particulars we are convinced, from careful investigation, that substantial progress is constantly being made by the masses throughout the South.

2. We would urge our people not to become discouraged while the race is passing from what was largely a political basis to an economic one, as a foundation for citizenship.

3. We urge, since the country school is the backbone of the intelligence of the masses, that no effort be spared to increase its efficiency. Any injury to the country schools brings discontent to the people and leads them to move to the cities.

4. Statistics show that crime, as a rule, is not committed by those who have received literary, moral, and industrial training.

5. Regardless of how others may act, we urge upon our race a rigid observance of the law of the land, and that we bear in mind that lawlessness begets crime, and hardens and

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deadens not only the conscience of the law-breaker, but also the conscience of the community.

6. The rapid rise in the price of land throughout the South makes it doubly important that we do not delay in buying homes, and the increased demand for skilled workmen of every kind makes it necessary that a larger proportion of our young people prepare themselves for trades and domestic employment before they are crowded out of these occupations.

7. Community and county fairs, as well as local conferences and Farmers' Institutes, should be organized as rapidly and widely as possible.

8. We call the attention of our women, especially, to the wealth there is for them in the garden, the cow, the pig, and the poultry-yard.

9. We note with pleasure that landlords are building better houses for their tenants. We feel sure that all such improvements are a paying investment from every point of view.

There are a great many local conferences in the State of Alabama which make reports at this central meeting, and usually delegates are present from every Southern State. A few reports, taken at random from the many I heard in the forenoon of Wednesday, will show the practical nature of the Conference. Mr. Henry Thomas, of Tallapoosa County, Alabama, was introduced as a man who owned a thousand acres of land. Mr. Thomas began by explaining modestly that he owned only between eight and nine hundred acres. He said that he was sixteen years old when he was freed. He went to work at once for wages for his old master, of whom he said: "My old master always seemed like he wanted to have us that had been his folks amount to something. He told me to save my money, and used to lecture me when I didn't." The first year this man saved one hundred and sixty-five dollars, and in three years he had saved enough to buy forty acres of land. Since then everything had been easy. The strong point of his talk was in his example, and in a plea which he made to the hundreds of young men present to work and save and make a beginning while they were young.

Mr. B. Reynolds, of Talladega County, brought a satchel filled with oats, wheat, vegetables, and a can of syrup, all raised on his place. He owns three hundred and twenty acres, all the result of his own and his wife's labor. One thing I have noticed repeatedly, and that is how many of these men render just such a tribute to the help of their wives as this man did. This man told how he had learned on rainy days to be a blacksmith, so as to do his own work.

The women are just as interested attendants as the men, and fully as interesting speakers. One of the very best reports this year was made by Mrs. Grace Johnston, of Texas, who came to represent the Women's Barnyard Auxiliary Societies of her State, of which she is the State President. These societies have a membership of twenty-five hundred women. They were established as an adjunct to the Farmers' Improvement Societies of Texas, and the women who belong to them give special attention to raising pigs and chickens and to making butter and cheese, industries which have received little attention in the South as yet.

One woman, a widow, told how she had been a cook "in de white folks' kitchen" for twenty years, but had saved her wages until now she had a house of her own, and money enough so that she "farmed" three men each year. Mr. Washington explained to such of the company as might not have understood this speaker that she meant that she furnished three farmers each year with the money to stock up their rented farms, buy seed, food, and other necessaries during the summer, taking a mortgage on their growing cotton crop as security. He asked the woman what interest she got, and she said: "Oh, sometimes fifteen per cent., sometimes twenty per cent., and sometimes twenty-five per cent." High as this rate would seem, the discussion which followed showed that it was only an average, and that there were some farmers present who were paying as high as forty per cent. a year.

The women who come to the Conference are not followers of St. Paul, by any means. They believe in being heard when they have anything to say, and they usually have something. Very nearly a small riot was precipitated at one session by a rash delegate who, in discoursing of the extravagance of the race, said: "Now, there's our women. They spends money for snuff an' ribbons, and ties their hair up with strings, an' comes to town on Saturdays an' stan's 'round on the street corners, an' wastes their time, an'—"

What more he would have said we never

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knew, for out of the shaking of heads, and the snapping of angry eyes, and a rising murmur of "Now jes' hear dat man run on!" from the side of the house where most of the women sat, a colored sister jumped to her feet to exclaim: "Ef de pore womens didn't come to town to watch de mens on Saturday, de Lawd knows it would be leetle nuf money de mens would fotch back home for de aigs an' de chickens what dey brung to de stoh." It took the combined efforts of the presiding officer and several delegates to still the waves left by this storm.

One valuable feature of the meetings this year has been a series of stereopticon pictures from actual photographs secured by the school's Conference agent, showing the tumble-down cabins in which some of the colored farmers in this State were living not many years ago, and the comfortable homes and good stock which they own now, largely as a result of the advice and influence of the Conference.

At the close of the forenoon session on Wednesday an old-fashioned Southern barbecue was served to the delegates and visitors, the quarters of beef and pork being roasted over pits dug in a hillside on the school grounds.

Among the distinguished men of the race here this week, drawn here by the unique opportunity which the Conference affords to study educational conditions and problems, are Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt, Professor W. E. B. DuBois, Bishop Turner, Bishop Grant, Bishop Tyree, and Dr. I. B. Scott. On Tuesday evening, in the chapel, Mr. Chesnutt read aloud his Southern story, "Hotfoot Hannibal." There are also several college presidents here, and a great many teachers and professional men. Most of these remained for the "Workers' Conference," which followed that of the farmers on Thursday. The subject taken up this year was "The Negro's Share in the Upbuilding of the South: as a farmer and a mechanic; as a professional man; along moral and religious lines."

The visitor who comes to Tuskegee for successive Conferences observes a constant growth and broadening of the school's work. Since last year's meeting, Huntington Hall, a commodious brick building given by Mrs. C. P. Huntington as a dormitory for girls, has been completed and occupied. The Girls' Industrial Building, given by two friends of the school in New York, is rapidly approaching completion, and will be dedicated and put in use this spring. Work has already been begun on the library, to build which Mr. Carnegie gave $20,000 a few weeks ago. The site is being made ready, and bricks from the school's brick-yard are being drawn on to the ground. Like all the large buildings here, this will be the work of the students. The building which seems to be most needed next is a dormitory for boys. The accommodations cannot begin to keep pace with the requests for admission to the school. The old blacksmith-shop has been finished off into sleeping-rooms, and a wooden "barracks" has been built, but even with these it is necessary to rent several miserable cabins near the school grounds to room some of the young men in.

One large barn has been erected the past year—the cow barn—and in this the herd of well-kept cows which the dairy is milking now is kept. A poultry-house has also been built, with extensive yards, and in this the class of girls who are being trained in light agriculture take care of big flocks of geese, ducks, turkeys, and hens and chickens. Everything about the barns is as clean as dry sand, fresh bedding, and plenty of water can make it. The girls also tend a hundred hives of bees on a sunny slope near the poultry-house.

All these things are object-lessons for the men and women who come here to attend the Conference. The whole school keeps open house at this time. The students give up their rooms to accommodate those of the delegates who come so far that they have to remain over night. The students evidently feel, too, that they have a responsibility to see that the visitors get all the profit possible out of the Conference, and one sees them everywhere, guiding the strangers about, showing them the work of the school and explaining it.

There is another way, too, in which the visitors get a profitable lesson. Just outside the school grounds there has grown up, now, a good-sized village made up almost entirely of the homes of the teachers and officers of the school. Some of these are houses built and owned by the school; others are owned by the occupants, often

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with more or less land surrounding them. Without exception the houses are well built, comfortable, thoroughly neat, and made attractive by the gardens and yards around them. The delegates—too many of whom even yet come from one-room cabin homes—have to see these homes of a better class as they go to and from the school grounds. They see what other men and women of their race have done—what they can do if they try.

Two questions which I am very often asked in the North are, "Where is Tuskegee and how can the place be reached?" and "How is the word Tuskegee pronounced?"

Tuskegee is the county seat of Macon County. It is situated a little southeast of the center of the State of Alabama. The nearest large city is Montgomery, forty miles distant. Tuskegee is only five miles off from a direct line from the North to New Orleans, over which several fast trains are run each day.

Tuskegee is said to be an Indian name. It is pronounced here in Alabama "Tuske'gee," with the accent on the second syllable, and the "g" in the last syllable hard, like the same letter in the word "geese." In the North I find many persons pronouncing the word "Tus-ky-jee'," but I have never once heard that pronunciation in the South.

Tuskegee, Ala.

The Philippines: Present Conditions and Possible Courses of Action.—II.

By George Kennan

IN this article I propose to consider the existing military and political situation, as shown by late reports, official documents, telegrams, and private letters.

There is almost as much difference of opinion and conflict of statement with regard to this aspect of the Philippine question as there is with regard to the character of the Filipinos and the nature and extent of their hostility to Americans and American rule. The Taft Commission reports that there has been a marked decrease in the activity of the insurgents since the Presidential election; that their efforts now display chiefly a desire to avoid fights with our troops; that conditions are rapidly improving; and that a great majority of the people are entirely willing to accept the establishment of a government under the sovereignty of the United States. On the other hand, General MacArthur, Commander-in-Chief of the Division of the Philippines, reports to the Adjutant-General that "expectations based on the result of the election have not been realized;" that the progress of pacification is very slow; and that the present state of disturbance and disorder is liable to become chronic. Officers who have just returned from the Philippines declare, and private letters from men who are still in the field assert, that resistance to our armies is as stubborn as ever; that our losses in killed and wounded are greater than at any time since hostilities began; and that the insurrection is more serious and formidable now than it was a year ago.

In order to understand clearly the existing situation in the Philippine archipelago, we must note, first, the complete change that has taken place within fifteen months in the nature of the warfare. General MacArthur reports that at a council of war held in Bayambang, Pangasinan, on November 12, 1899, which was attended by General Aguinaldo and many of the Filipinos' military leaders, "a resolution was adopted to the effect that the insurgent forces were incapable of further resistance in the field; and, in consequence, it was decided to disband the army; the generals and men to return to their own provinces, with a view to organizing the people for general resistance by means of guerrilla warfare." This resolution was immediately carried into effect, and the instructions issued to the guerrilla bands were, in part, as follows:

The purpose of the guerrillas shall be to constantly worry the Yankees in the pueblos

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occupied by them; to cut off their convoys; to cause all possible harm to their patrols, their spies, and their scouts; to surprise their detachments; to crush their columns if they shall pass in favorable places; and to exterminate all traitors, in order to prevent the natives from vilely selling themselves for the invaders' gold. On the other hand, they shall protect the legal inhabitants, watch their properties, and defend them from bandits and thieves. The guerrillas shall make up for their small numbers by their ceaseless activity and their daring. They shall hide in the woods and in distant barrios, and, when least expected, shall fall upon the enemy, and disappear at once to enjoy whatever spoils they may have taken from the Yankees; but they shall be careful never to rob their countrymen. When our men are closely pursued in one part of the country, they shall move to another, only to come back suddenly as soon as circumstances shall allow it. A guerrilla warfare is easy to sustain and to keep up indefinitely, all the pueblos protecting, of course, our guerrillas, who are only defending the common cause and are satisfied with a handful of rice or corn. We should certainly do all that we can for the men who are risking their lives for the honor of the nation, for our independence, and the future of our sons. Our guerrillas must do their best to prevent the peaceful people from getting tired of the war, which they might end by doing if the invaders were to stop persecuting us and take on themselves to represent order and prosperity, while our own guerrillas were confounded with the bandits who prey on our peaceful people. For such reasons our guerrillas shall try to obtain the sympathies of the people, pursuing the bandits and robbers, and only asking for strict necessities, and a small contribution-of-war for the purchase of arms in foreign parts.

Such was the scheme of insurgent activity decided upon in the fall of 1899, and such is the method of warfare that has been followed by the Filipinos ever since. How has it succeeded? The Taft Commission seems to be of opinion that it has failed, or, at any rate, that it is rapidly failing; but such is by no means the judgment of our army officers and men.

General MacArthur says: "A widely scattered formation of the Filipinos followed the adoption of the guerrilla policy, and this led to a corresponding dissemination of American troops, the rapidity and extent of which may be appreciated by reference to the fact that the fifty-three stations occupied in the archipelago on November 1, 1899, had on September 1, 1900, expanded to four hundred and thirteen. Of course, under the conditions described, all regular and systematic tactical operations ceased; but as hostile contact was established throughout the entire zone of activity, an indefinite number of minor affairs resulted, some of which reached the dignity of combats. An idea seems to have been established in the public mind to the effect that the field work of the army is in the nature of police duty—regulating a few bands of guerrillas, and involving none of the vicissitudes of war. Such a narrow statement of the case is unfair to the service. In war, relative situations frequently count as much as positive strength, and in all things requiring endurance, fortitude, and patient diligence the guerrilla period has been pre-eminent. It has required more of discipline, and as much of valor, as was required during the period of regular operations against the concentrated field forces of the insurrection."

General Bates, commanding the Department of Southern Luzon, reported to General MacArthur in August last that "a single battalion can to-day march from one end of this Department to the other, without encountering enough resistance to impede seriously its progress; but small parties of troops cannot leave the garrisoned posts without incurring a danger of attack, which varies inversely, in its degree of probability, with the size and evident vigilance of the detachment." General Bates gives details of seventy-seven affairs and combats which took place in his Department between April 14 and July 31, and which resulted in a loss of 106 officers and men, killed and wounded, among the Americans, and 824 killed and wounded among the insurgents. I have already quoted, in my previous article, the statement of General Wheaton that between April 1 and July 31, 1900, there were 162 affairs and combats in the Department of Northern Luzon, which resulted in the killing or wounding of 114 American officers and men.

The Chief Surgeon of the Division of the Philippines reported to General MacArthur, on the 15th of last August, that "the number of men shot from ambush by small guerrilla bands now exceeds those killed at any previous time."

The reports of officers of the United States Signal Corps, in all parts of the archipelago, show that guerrilla warfare has cost that corps four per cent. of its entire strength in killed, wounded, and

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missing, and that line-cutting and attacks on working parties are everywhere incessant. The attempt to maintain an overland telegraph line between Iligan Bay and Macajalar Bay, on the island of Mindanao, was finally abandoned, after great expenditure and loss, and the places had to be connected by a submarine cable along the coast. A similar attempt to restore and keep up the old Spanish land line from Antimonan to Pasajajo, around the Bay of Ragay (island of Luzon), was also abandoned, and a cable was substituted. It has been found impossible to maintain a land line even from Subig Bay to Manila, and a cable will probably have to be laid there. In guerrilla warfare telegraph lines are naturally objects of persistent attack, because, owing to their great extent, they cannot be adequately protected; but the inability of the intrepid officers and men of the Signal Corps to maintain land lines from Antimonan to Pasajajo, and from Subig Bay to Manila, shows how insecure is our hold even of parts of the island of Luzon.

The results of the first ten months of guerrilla warfare in the Philippines are summed up by General Arthur in the statement that we lost, during that time, in killed, wounded, and missing, 1,073 officers and men. This, coupled with his later admission (of December 25) that the progress of pacification is very slow, and that the condition" (of affairs) "is very flexible" (uncertain?) "and liable to become chronic," seems to me to indicate that the guerrilla campaign of the Filipinos, although not successful, is far from being a failure, and still farther from being ended. We held, in October last, about four hundred and thirty garrisoned posts in various parts of the archipelago; but there is a mass of evidence to show that these posts were all we *did* hold, and that in the country generally, away from such posts, we could neither maintain order nor give security to life.

Although the Adjutant-General has no detailed information from Department commanders of later date than that contained in the October report of the Commander-in-Chief, recent telegraphic advices and private letters show that resistance to our armies still continues throughout the greater part of the archipelago. From the information in my possession I might fill a good many columns with accounts of "affairs and combats" in which our troops have been engaged since the first of last September; but I will confine myself to three or four which are particularly significant because they show that the Filipinos are still fighting stubbornly and in comparatively large bodies.

On the 17th of September, Captain Mitchell, with a detachment of the Fifteenth Infantry, attacked eight hundred insurgents at Mavitac, and, after a hot fight of an hour and twenty minutes, was compelled to retreat to Sinaloan, with a loss of thirty-three per cent.—a loss which, General MacArthur says, "is profoundly impressive, and indicates the stubbornness of the fight."

On the 24th of October, a detachment of the Thirty-third Infantry, under command of Lieutenant Febiger, had a desperate fight with fourteen hundred insurgents in the province of Ilicos Sur (island of Luzon), and were compelled to retire with heavy loss. This fight took place in a province which, at the time when the Taft Commission made its preliminary report in August, was regarded as quiet, free from insurgents, and virtually pacified. It is, therefore, an illustration in practice of that clause of the "Instructions to Guerrillas" which directs that "when closely pursued in one part of the country they shall move to another, only to come back suddenly as soon as circumstances shall allow it."

On the 9th of January, 1901, Lieutenant Steele, with a detachment of the Forty-second Infantry, had a serious engagement with a large body of Filipinos at Tenaguna (island of Leyte), which resulted in the defeat of the enemy with a loss of more than one hundred.

On the 29th of January Captain Cameron, at the head of a small body of native cavalry, had a fight with a strong force of insurgents at Bundupuray, and defeated them, killing twenty men and capturing a quantity of arms.

On the same day a detachment of the Fourteenth Infantry, under Lieutenant Hicken, while crossing a river near Fiesta San Lucia (island of Cebu), was surprised by a force of one hundred insurgent riflemen and many more bolomen, and suffered a loss of eleven men before reinforce-

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ments enabled the Americans to beat their assailants off.

Such engagements as these—that is, fights with comparatively large bodies of insurgents—are of frequent occurrence in all parts of the archipelago; but they do not cause us as much loss, in the aggregate, as do the unreported "affairs" in which our soldiers are waylaid and killed by ambushed guerrillas, or shot, while on outpost duty, by skulking insurgent riflemen. Every week there comes by cable to the Adjutant-General, from the Division of the Philippines, a report like the following:

Killed, November 24, at Frorista, Luzon, Company M, Forty-seventh Infantry, Corporal Arthur Burrows. November 28, at Calinog, Island of Panay, Company B, Thirty-eighth Infantry, William H. Mansker. December 7, at Calbayan, Island of Samar, Company H, Twenty-ninth Infantry, Wellborn Watts.

Then follows a list of names of twelve or fifteen men who have been wounded, at a dozen different times and in almost as many different geographical localities. There are no reports of fighting at these places, and in all probability the men were not killed or wounded in fights, but were simply shot from ambush.

I have compiled from the records of the Adjutant-General's Office a list of Americans killed and wounded, in all parts of the archipelago, during the five months ended December 31, 1900. It is as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.
August and September	72	111
October	33	46
November	23	52
December	11	59
Total	159	268

The above figures do not show our whole loss, because they do not include men captured or missing, nor cover all cases of eventual death from wounds received in action; but they indicate, nevertheless, that, without fighting a single engagement important enough to deserve the name of battle, we are losing in the Philippines, in killed and wounded alone, about one thousand officers and men per year. The Taft Commission may call this the work of insignificant bands of guerrillas from the mountains; but, whatever it be called and however it be explained, it seems to me a matter for serious consideration. If these "affairs and combats" continue, they will shortly cost us more men than the whole Spanish-American war.

Although the above statistics of loss, taken from the latest available records, are not altogether in harmony with the report of the Taft Commission, nor with the optimistic views of certain civilian observers in Manila, they correspond very closely and accurately with the opinions expressed by officers who have just returned from the field, and with statements made in a large number of private letters that I have been permitted to read. I have not room for half of this testimony, but I will give parts of it, merely to show the feeling of the men who are now or have recently been on the ground.

Lieutenant Frank E. Lynch, grandson of Commodore Lynch of the United States Navy, writes to his father in December from the island of Leyte that the present force of United States troops on that island is not sufficient to keep down the insurgents, who are constantly on the alert, and whose numbers are increasing daily. "I have asked General MacArthur," he says, "for additional troops, with a view to clearing out the rebellious element, but have not heard from him. There is but one way to deal with the people here, and that is with the strong hand. We must keep a considerable force on this island for some time to come."

An experienced officer of the regular army—a graduate of West Point—who is now serving on the island of Luzon, writes to a high official of the Government in Washington, under date of November 4, that even the provinces which are regarded as pacified often fail to stay pacified. The province of Bulacan, for example, "was pacified," he says, "in December, 1899; that is, there was no organized resistance to American authority, although there were bands of ladrones scattered in various places." As the result of certain events and circumstances which he describes and explains, "there is now, in that same province," he says, "an organized force of at least two thousand men." The report of the Taft Commission shows that exactly the same thing happened in the province of Ilocos Sur. When the Commission made its first preliminary report, in August, 1900, "this province was undisturbed, and was supposed to be free

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from insurgents; but hostilities began there again," and culminated in the fierce fight of Lieutenant Febiger with fourteen hundred Filipinos on the 24th of October.

In the opinion of the army officer last quoted above, "the insurrection is stronger now than it was a year ago—not in the number of organized insurgents, but by virtue of the fact that the leaders have learned their power, and found that it is possible to collect taxes. It may end suddenly, but it is apt to be long drawn out."

In a subsequent letter, dated December 6, the same officer writes: "A great deal was expected from the Commission when they first arrived, but lately they do not seem to occupy so important a place. They are bound to be handicapped, through inexperience, living in Manila, and regarding the Manilenos as typical Filipinos. They are not; and one cause of complaint put forth against the Spaniards was that, even when Spain sent out officers of high rank, who were able and willing to correct abuses, they, through ignorance, failed to do so; that they lived in Manila and knew nothing of the provinces. . . . Under the most favorable circumstances, it is not an easy task to govern seven or eight millions of new people. Under present conditions existing here it is an enormous task; and yet, with it all, I do not consider these people as being very hard to govern."

An unusually capable and intelligent officer of volunteers, who left the island of Luzon in December on account of ill health, and whose services have been warmly commended by Generals Wheaton, Bates, and MacArthur, said to me a few days ago: "I am of opinion that the resistance to our rule is general throughout the archipelago. When I left the field there did not seem to me to be any material change in the situation. At times there would be a lull for a week or two, and then the attacks, surprises, ambuscades, and general disturbance would begin again. My own opinion is that resistance to our authority is likely to continue for an indefinite length of time; and this, I may add, is the opinion of all the officers in the Philippines whom I know. I think it may fairly be said that we hold in the islands only the ground that we command with our rifles."

An officer of the regular army—a graduate of West Point—who at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war was professor of military science in a well-known American university, writes from the Philippines to the president of that university as follows: "The greatest obstacle in the way of our success is the lack of confidence which the natives have in us. This is not surprising, as they have no definite and positive knowledge of the intentions of the Government of the United States as to what is to be done with them. It would be of the greatest benefit to all concerned if there could be some declaration, not by the President, not by a Commission, not by army officers, but by Congress, as to exactly what the Government intends to allow the Filipinos to do. I see no reason to believe that the war, as now carried on, will be ended for years. The Filipinos have killed and captured more of our men in the last eight months than in the preceding year. Every town has from ten to twenty-five prisoners, and commissions and provost courts are busy. All the penitentiaries are full, and every Friday many are hung. If we are to conquer, it will be necessary to give the natives some assurances, or to adopt measures similar to those of General Weyler. It is a hard business, and the sooner the United States gets out of the present conditions the better. I believe we ought to say to these people that in a certain number of years we intend to turn the islands over to the Filipinos, and at that time they must try to work out their own salvation. In the meantime give them every assistance. The government set up by the natives would not be perfect, but it would answer their purposes very well, and would certainly be as stable as any of the South American governments. When all is known of the Filipinos, and our work in the past two years, there will be much of which we cannot be proud. I hope the army will be reorganized, and increased sufficiently to give force enough to do the work which the Government has set for us here; and I most sincerely hope that the Government will make some authoritative declaration which will make it impossible for the natives to say that they do not know what to count upon. It seems to me that it is not unreasonable to say that there should be a force here

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sufficient to enable officers who have been here two years or more to go home to their families, for a time at least. The hopelessness of ever getting home is distressing officers and men, and is having its effect on all of us."

Nearly all the evidence that I have been able to get directly from the field supports the opinions expressed in the letters from army officers above quoted; and high officials of the Government in Washington, who have better means than I of ascertaining the facts, regard the situation very much in the same way. Said one such official to me: "I am personally of opinion that our position in the Philippines is still serious and threatening, and that we have before us an extremely difficult task. My own correspondence indicates that there has been as yet little permanent gain."

That this opinion is shared by many well-informed Congressmen appears from the recent debate in the Senate on the army reorganization bill. Senator Hale, for example, declared that he would vote for the bill only because, if it were not passed, there would be in the Philippines, after July next, only about twenty thousand American soldiers. Pressed by Filipino forces, they might be hemmed in at Manila, and would be lucky if they were not driven into the sea. "Without this bill," he said, "an almost immeasurable disaster might befall our army."

If conditions in the Philippines were rapidly improving, and if we were likely to encounter there only the resistance that might be offered by a few skulking bands of guerrillas, this declaration would have been received with laughter and derision, but the Senate evidently did not regard it as a proper subject for such treatment.

The testimony on the other side of this question—that is, the evidence which goes to show that we are making substantial progress in the Philippines—is mainly contained in the first detailed report of the Taft Commission, and in letters and telegrams of later date from its President. It is entitled to serious consideration.

In a letter to the Secretary of War dated Manila, December 14, Judge Taft says: "Since writing you, about three thousand insurgents in Ilocos Norte have surrendered, and ten thousand persons who were not well affected toward us in Panay have taken the oath of allegiance. I have already received two papers from native priests, eighteen in number, and I am told that there will be a great many other papers signed by a great many more native priests, tendering their allegiance to the United States, and promising fidelity without reserve. The native priests are those who have held out longest in favor of the insurgents and against the Americans, and I deem this action as of great importance."

In a telegram dated January 9, Judge Taft adds: "Conditions are rapidly improving. Rifles, besides officers and privates, are being captured or surrendered daily, in considerable numbers, in northern and southern Luzon. The same conditions prevail in Panay, where more than 35,000 have taken the oath of allegiance. The insurgent forces are completely scattered, and their leader, Delgado, is negotiating for surrender. Work in Samar is slower because of an insurgent band's long uncontested occupation of the interior, and the swollen streams early in the campaign. The campaign in Samar has driven bands into Leyte, producing disturbance, but information is that conditions there are favorable."

About the middle of January, General Grant reported to General MacArthur that his district had been fairly pacified, and that the province of Pampanga (Luzon) was ready for civil government. At the same time General MacArthur telegraphed the Adjutant-General as follows:

'Delgado, Commander-in-Chief Iloilo province, Panay, surrendered, January 11, to Robert P. Hughes, Brigadier-General of Volunteers, with four officers, twenty-one men, fourteen rifles. His command much scattered. Other surrenders expected during the next few days. Important; signifies end of organized armed resistance Iloilo province, Panay."

It appears, however, from a telegram dated Iloilo, January 17, that the insurgent Generals Pulion, Dicena, and Quintin Sala were still holding strong positions in the mountains of Capiz, on the island of Panay, and that Battery G, of the Sixth Light Artillery, with a considerable force of infantry, was endeavoring to dislodge them and compel them to fight an open engagement.

General Young reports that in his

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district, at Santa Maria, on the 2d of January, 2,180 Katipunans, including 1,900 sworn bolomen, renounced connection with the insurrection and swore allegiance to the United States. "It will be necessary, however," General Young adds, "to occupy all pueblos and patrol all the barrios to protect these people against the vengeance of Tagalog leaders."

Upon these reports of pacification and surrender the Taft Commission, apparently, bases its assertion that "conditions are rapidly improving."

It would be easier to give implicit credence to optimistic statements from Manila if experience had not shown that judgments formed there are apt to be colored by the wishes and hopes of commissions and commanders. The Schurman Commission reported in 1899 that when they left Manila "the disintegration of the enemy's forces was steadily progressing" and that "the hope of assistance from outside sources seemed to be all that held them together."

General Otis said in his report dated May 14, 1900: "I am convinced, from observation, investigation, and the expressed opinion of the educated men of the islands, that the declared guerrilla warfare will cease within a few months." In an article published later in "Leslie's Weekly" he declared that "there will be no more real fighting in the Philippines. Peace is practically restored all through the islands."

Even the Taft Commission, in its report of August 20, 1900, asserted positively that "if the election confirms the present policy, the insurrection will disappear within sixty days."

Is there any good reason to believe that the optimistic statements which come from Manila now are more trustworthy than the reports of the Schurman Commission in 1899, of General Otis in May, 1900, and of the Taft Commission in August last? I sincerely hope that there is, but I am afraid there is not.

Upon a careful review of all the evidence that I have been able to gather, I am forced to the conclusion that, while the military situation in the Philippines is better than it was a year ago, it is still serious enough to justify anxiety and apprehension. The island of Negros and perhaps half a dozen provinces in the other islands are nominally pacified; there is a fairly strong peace party in Manila; and a large body of natives in the provinces are tired of the war and would submit to any government capable of restoring order and protecting property and life. On the other hand, most of the islands and a large majority of the provinces still maintain an attitude of hostility; bands of guerrillas still harass our armies in the field, and are concealed, aided, and supported by the nominally peaceful and friendly population; we are unable to give security to life or protection to property in any territory not occupied by our troops; and we hold in secure and undisputed possession only the ground that may be swept by the fire of 60,000 soldiers in 430 garrisoned posts. If this seems too pessimistic a view of the situation, I can only say that it is the view taken by the army officers whose statements and letters I have quoted, and whose opportunities for observation have been better, perhaps, than those even of the Taft Commission.

I am glad to turn from this aspect of the Philippine question to a consideration of the civil and political situation, which offers much more that is encouraging and satisfactory. The extremely able and businesslike report of the Taft Commission, and the good judgment and clear-headed sagacity shown by it in all its dealings with civil and political problems, give us every reason to hope and believe that if Congress and the President see fit to endow it with plenary powers, and if the Filipinos recognize its authority and give it their loyal support and co-operation, it will set up a government in the Philippines of which we shall have no reason to be ashamed. Although hampered and embarrassed to some extent by the military arm, and restricted in its operations both by its own limited legislative powers and by the passive or active hostility of the people, it has set about the reorganization of the courts; prepared a new code of civil and judicial procedure; adopted a comprehensive and rigid system of civil service rules; investigated thoroughly the question of the friars and their lands; devised a new and greatly improved scheme of taxation; and increased the revenues of the islands to such an extent as to make possible the

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immediate expenditure of $1,000,000 for public roads, $1,000,000 for harbor improvements, and $1,500,000 for public education. With the aid and co-operation of the army, it has opened about one thousand schools, has set up municipal governments in about three hundred pueblos or townships, and is now preparing to organize higher forms of administrative control in all provinces where the natives are quiet or submissive enough to render such action possible.

The Commission has also succeeded in winning the confidence of a part of the Filipino people, including a number of Aguinaldo's former leaders, and in October last, with the encouragement and approval of the Commission, there was organized in Manila a pro-American native party, which has since become known as "the Federals." I have no means of ascertaining the strength of this party or of estimating the value of its professions of loyalty; but I find in the files of the War Department an appeal made by its leaders to the people of the United States, which has never been published, and which seems to me to be interesting and significant. It is embodied in the following despatch from Judge Taft:

[BY CABLE]

Manila, November 4, 1900.

To the Secretary of War:

I am urgently requested by Buencamino, the insurgent Secretary of State; Artacho, the Secretary of Commerce; Macabulos and Droma, prominent insurgent Generals; Yangco, the chief financial supporter of the insurgent cause; and seven other prominent Filipino merchants and former insurgents, representing many others, to forward the following signed statement to the American people:

[STATEMENT]

"We hear reports from America that all the Filipino leaders, and the Filipino people, desire to change the actual government for the government of Aguinaldo and his followers. We positively deny this affirmation, and declare, in the name of the majority of the people, and especially in the name of the intelligent and wealthy classes, that to hand over the government of the islands to Aguinaldo and his followers would be to hand over the government to the robbers, assassins, and abductors of the honest, peaceable people. We affirm that the war should be quickly terminated and American sovereignty established in all the archipelago. We will aid in this event, to the extreme of organizing a counter-revolution, if desirable. We offer our co-operation in this, because we are convinced that America will give us a liberal, just, and honest government. We trust her, accept her sovereignty, and pray for her protection."

(Signed) TAFT.

This telegram reached the Secretary of War on the eve of the Presidential election, but it was not given to the press, for the reason, I understand, that, in the judgment of the President and his advisers, it might be regarded as an attempt to influence public opinion, at the eleventh hour, in favor of the Administration and its Philippine policy. I do not think, myself, that the American people, even in the last hours of an exciting political campaign, would have regarded Judge Taft as capable of lending his name to such a scheme, or the President as willing to profit by it; but, be that as it may, the publication of the statement was thought to be inopportune at that time, and the despatch was laid aside and finally buried in the files of the War Department. It would be interesting to know the history of this document at the Manila end of the line; but I see no reason to doubt the sincerity and good faith of the signers. The proposition to organize a counter-revolution is a characteristic Cuban and Filipino method of restoring peace to a distracted and war-torn country!

Since the date of this statement, the Federal party seems to have gained greatly in strength and influence, and a few days ago (January 28) Mr. Frye, as presiding officer of the Senate, laid before that body a telegram from a number of Federal leaders asserting that the party was receiving accessions by the thousands in all parts of the archipelago, and that its efforts to bring about peace would soon be crowned with success if Congress would give the President authority to establish a purely civil government in the Philippines at the earliest opportune moment.

Upon a review of the civil and political situation in the Philippines, I can see nothing that deserves hostile criticism, and much that is hopeful and encouraging. The Taft Commission is doing its work thoroughly, efficiently, and intelligently, and if it only had plenary power from Congress and the full confidence and unanimous support of the Filipino people, it would give the latter—in the words of the Federal leaders—"a liberal, just, and honest government."

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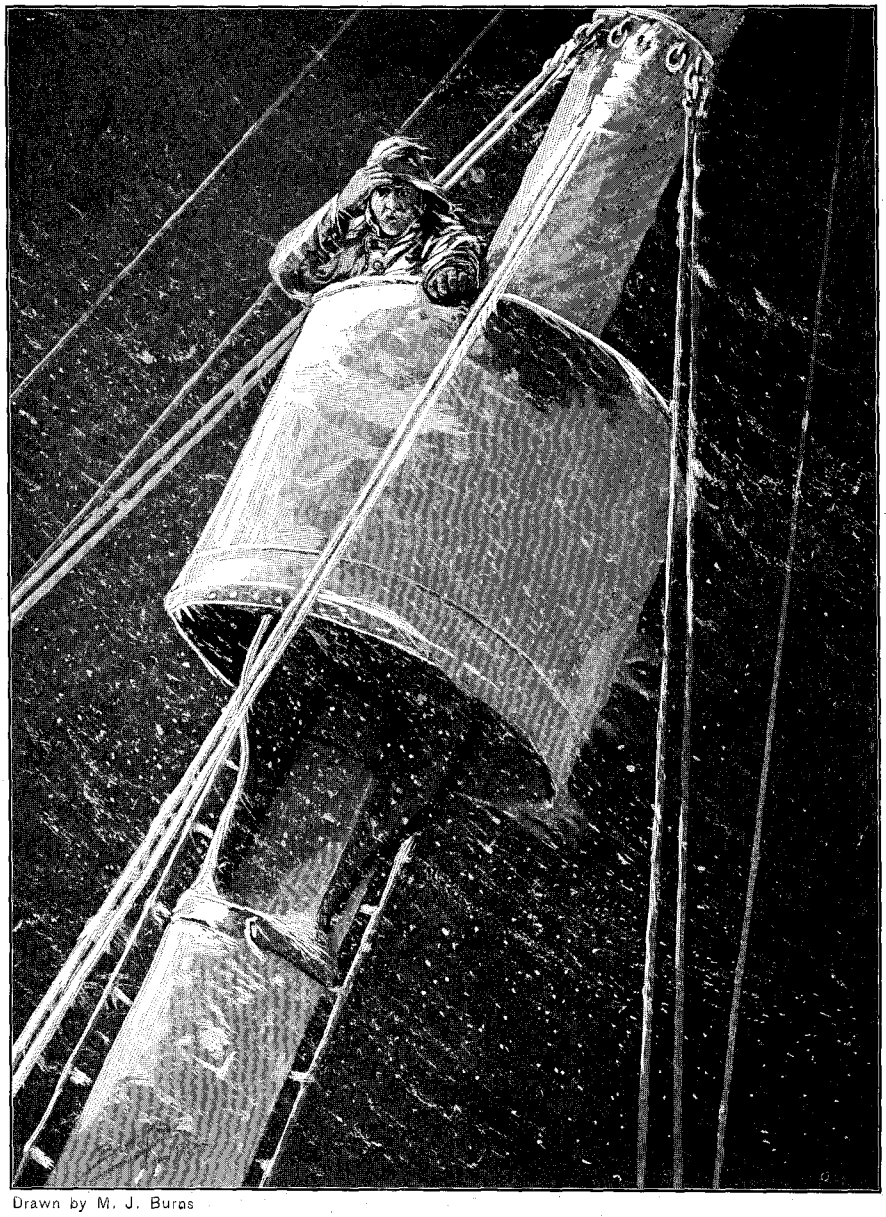

Drawn by M. J. Burns

In the Crow's-Nest

By Laura Winnington

The snow-whirls fly, the gale blows fierce,
Through cloud and storm what eye can pierce?
The waves leap to be fed.

Yet straight her course the vessel keeps,
Nor captain nor the helmsman sleeps.
Shipmates, all's well ahead!

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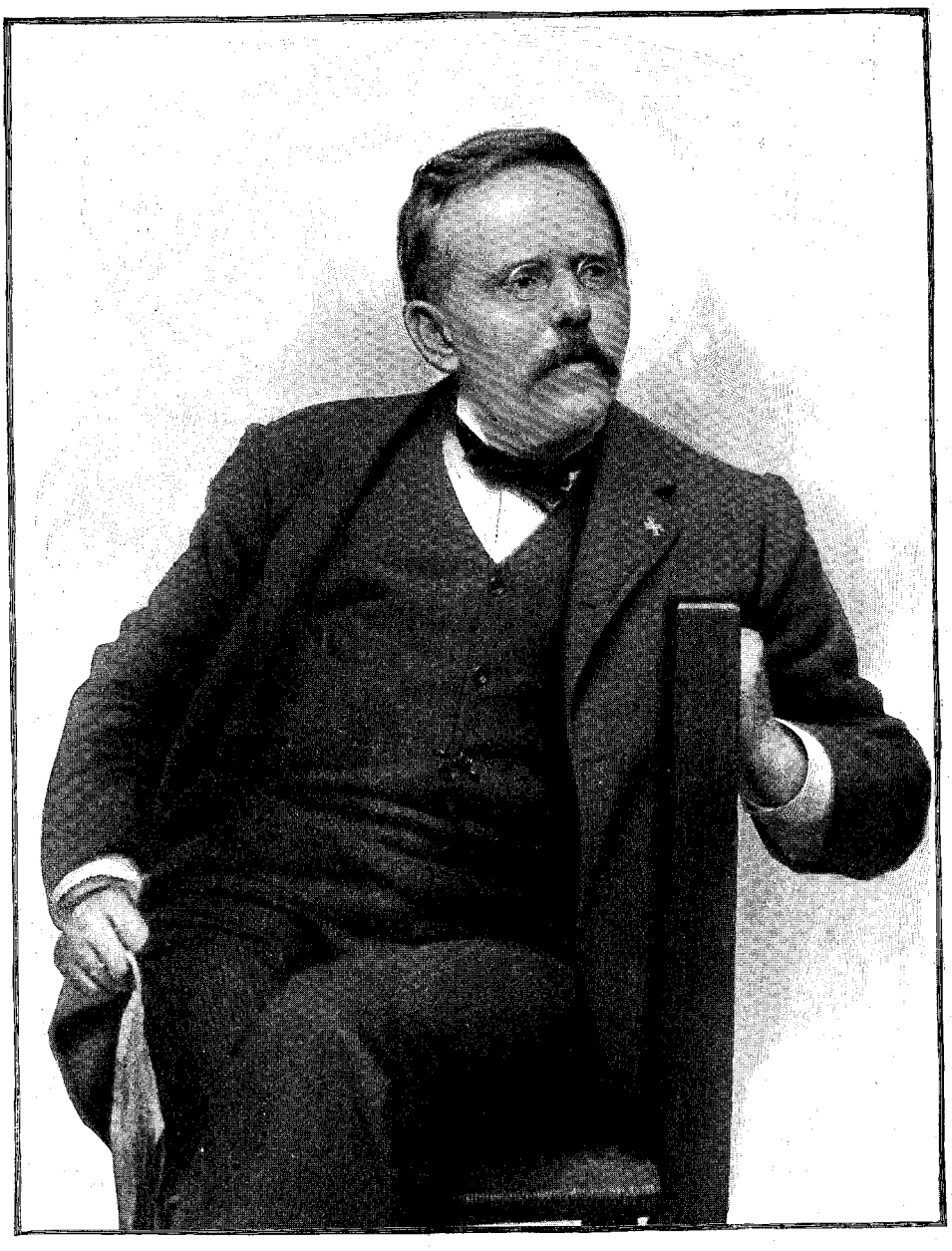

JACOB A. RIIS

From a photograph by Miss Ben-Yusuf

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THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN[1]

An Autobiography

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "A Ten Years' War," etc., etc.

Chapter I.—Meeting on the Bridge

OUR STORK

ON the outskirts of the ancient town of Ribe, on the Danish north seacoast, a wooden bridge spanned the Nibs River when I was a boy—a frail structure with twin arches like the humps of a dromedary for boats to go under. Upon it my story begins. The bridge is long since gone. The grass-grown lane that knew our romping feet leads nowhere now. But in my memory it is all as it was that day nearly forty years ago, and it is always summer there. The bees are droning among the forget-me-nots that grow along shore, and the swans arch their necks in the limpid stream. The clatter of the mill-wheel down at the dam comes up with drowsy hum; the sweet smells of meadow and field are in the air. On the bridge a boy and a girl have met.

He whistles a tune, boy-fashion, with worsted jacket slung across his arm, on his way home from the carpenter-shop to his midday meal. When she has passed he stands looking after her, all the music gone out of him. At the other end of the bridge she turns with the feeling that he is looking, and, when she sees that he is, goes on with a little toss of her pretty head. As she stands one brief moment there with the roguish look, she is to stand in his heart forever—a sweet girlish figure, in jacket of gray, black-embroidered, with school-books and pretty bronzed boots—

"With tassels!" says my wife, maliciously—she has been looking over my shoulder. Well, with tassels! What then? Did I not worship a pair of boots with tassels which I passed in a shop window in Copenhagen every day for a whole year, because they were the only other pair I ever saw? I don't know—there may have been more; perhaps others wore them. I know she did. Curls she had, too—curls of yellow gold. Why do girls not have curls these days? It is such a rare thing to see them that when you do, you feel like walking behind them miles and miles just to feast your eyes. Too much bother, says my daughter. Bother? Why, I have carried one of your mother's, miss! all these—there, I shall not say how long—and carry it still. Bother? Great Scott!

And is this going to be a love story, then? Well, I have turned it over and over, and looked at it from every angle, but if I am to tell the truth, as I promised, I don't see how it can be helped. If I am to do that, I must begin at the Long Bridge. I stepped on it that day a boy, and came off it with the fixed purpose of a man. How I stuck to it is part of the story—the best part, to my thinking; and I ought to know, seeing that our silver wedding comes this March. Silver wedding, humph! She isn't a week older than the day I married her—not a week. It was all in the way of her that I came here; though at the time I am speaking of I rather guessed than knew it was Elizabeth. She lived over there beyond the bridge. We had been children together. I suppose I had seen her a thousand times before without noticing. In school I had heard the boys trading in her for marbles and brass buttons as a partner at dances and games—generally trading off the other girls for her. She was such a pretty dancer! I was not. "Soldiers and robbers" was more to my taste. That any girl, with curls or without, should be worth a good marble, or a regi-

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mental button with a sound eye, that could be strung, was rank foolishness to me until that day on the bridge.

And now I shall have to recross it after all, to tell who and what we were, that we may start fair. I shall have to go slow, too, for back of that day everything seems very indistinct and strange. A few things stand out more clearly than the rest. The day, for instance, when I was first dragged off to school by an avenging housemaid and thrust howling into an empty hogshead by the ogre of a schoolmarm, who, when she had put the lid on, gnashed her yellow teeth at the bung-hole and told me that so bad boys were dealt with in school. At recess she had me up to the pig-pen in the yard as a further warning. The pig had a slit in the ear. It was for being lazy, she explained, and showed me the shears. Boys were no better than pigs. Some were worse; then—a jab at the air with the scissors told the rest. Poor father! He was a schoolmaster, too; how much sorrow it might have spared him had he known of this! But we were too scared to tell, I suppose. He had set his heart upon my taking up his calling, and I hated the school from the day I first saw it. Small wonder. The only study he succeeded in interesting me in was English, because Charles Dickens's paper, "All the Year Round," came to the house with stories ever so much more alluring than the tedious grammar. He was of the old dispensation, wedded to the old ways. But the short cut I took to knowledge in that branch I think opened his eyes to some things ahead of his time. Their day had not yet come. He lived to see it dawn and was glad. Some of the schools our women made an end of a few years ago weren't much better. To help clean them out was like getting square with the ogre that plagued my childhood.

I mind, too, my first collision with the tenement. There was just one, and it stood over against the castle hill, separated from it only by the dry moat. We called it Rag Hall, and I guess it deserved the name. Ribe was a very old town. Five hundred years ago or so it had been the seat of the fighting kings, when Denmark was a power to be reckoned with. There they were handy when trouble broke out with the German barons to the south. But the times changed, and of all its greatness there remained to Ribe only its famed cathedral, with eight centuries upon its hoary head, and its Latin School. Of the castle of the Valdemars there was left only this green hill with solemn sheep browsing upon it and ba-a-a-ing into the sunset. In the moats, where once ships sailed in from the sea, great billowy masses of reeds ever bent and swayed under the west wind that swept over the meadows. They grew much taller than our heads, and we boys loved to play in them, to track the tiger or the grizzly to its lair, not without creeping shudders at the peril that might lie in ambush at the next turn; or, hidden deep down among them, we lay and watched the white clouds go overhead and listened to the reeds whisper of the great days and deeds that were.

The castle hill was the only high ground about the town. It was said in some book of travel that one might see twenty-four miles in any direction from Ribe, lying flat on one's back; but that was drawing the long bow. Flat the landscape was, undeniably. From the top of the castle hill we could see the sun setting upon the sea, and the islands lying high in fine weather, as if floating in the air, the Nibs winding its silvery way through the green fields. Not a tree, hardly a house, hindered the view. It was grass, all grass, for miles, to the sand dunes and the beach. Strangers went into ecstasy over the little woodland patch down by the Long Bridge, and very sweet and pretty it was; but to me, who was born there, the wide view to the sea, the green meadows, with the peewit ever fretting about its nest, and the curlew's call in the night-watches, were dearer far, with all their melancholy. More than mountains in their majesty; more, infinitely more, than the city of teeming millions with all its wealth and might, they seem to me to typify human freedom and the struggle for it. Thence came the vikings that roved the seas, serving no man as master; and through the dark ages of feudalism no lord long bent the neck of those stout yeomen to the yoke. Germany, forgetting honor, treaties, and history, is trying to do it now in Slesvig, south of the Nibs, and she will as surely fail. The day of long-delayed justice, when dynasties by the grace of God shall have been

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THE MEETING ON THE BRIDGE

Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

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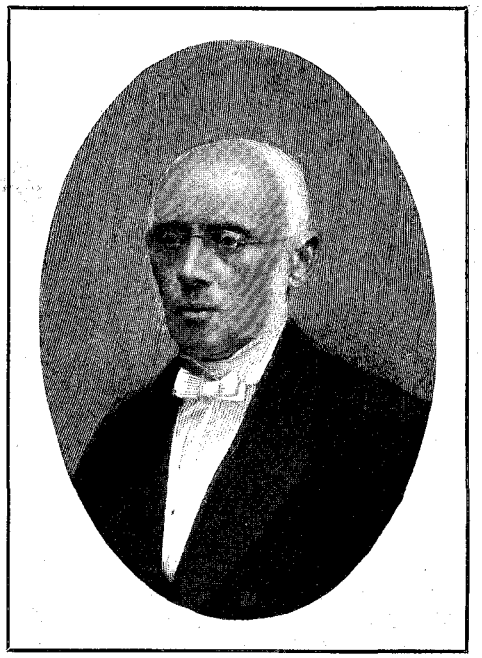
MOTHER



FATHER

replaced by government by right of the people, will find them unconquered still.

Alas! I am afraid that thirty years in the land of my children's birth have left me as much of a Dane as ever. I no sooner climb the castle hill than I am fighting tooth and nail the hereditary foes of my people whom it was built high to bar. Yet, would you have it otherwise? What sort of a husband is the man going to make who begins by pitching his old mother out of the door to make room for his wife? And what sort of wife would she be to ask or to stand it?

But I was speaking of the tenement by the moat. It was a ramshackle, two-story affair with shiftless tenants and ragged children. Looking back now, I think likely it was the contrast of its desolation with the green hill and the fields I loved, of its darkness and human misery and inefficiency with the valiant fighting men of my boyish dreams, that so impressed me. I believe it because it is so now. Over against the tenements that we fight in our cities ever rises in my mind the fields, the woods, God's open sky, as accuser and witness that His temple is being so defiled, man so dwarfed in body and soul.

I know that Rag Hall displeased me very much. I presume there must have been something of an inquiring Yankee twist to my make-up, for the boys called me "Jacob the delver," mainly because of my constant bothering with the sewerage of our house, which was of the most primitive kind. An open gutter that was full of rats led under the house to the likewise open gutter of the street. That was all there was of it, and very bad it was; but it had always been so, and as, consequently, it could not be otherwise, my energies spent themselves in unending warfare with those rats, whose nests choked the gutter. I could hardly have been over twelve or thirteen when Rag Hall challenged my resentment. My methods in dealing with it had at least the merit of directness, if they added nothing to the sum of human knowledge or happiness. I had received a "mark," which was a coin like our silver quarter, on Christmas Eve, and I hied myself to Rag Hall at once to divide it with the poorest family there, on the express condition that they should tidy up things, especially those children, and generally change their way of living. The man took the money—I have a vague recollection of seeing a stunned look on his face—and, I believe, brought it back to our house to see if it was all right, thereby giving me great offense. But he did the best for himself that way, for so Rag Hall came under the

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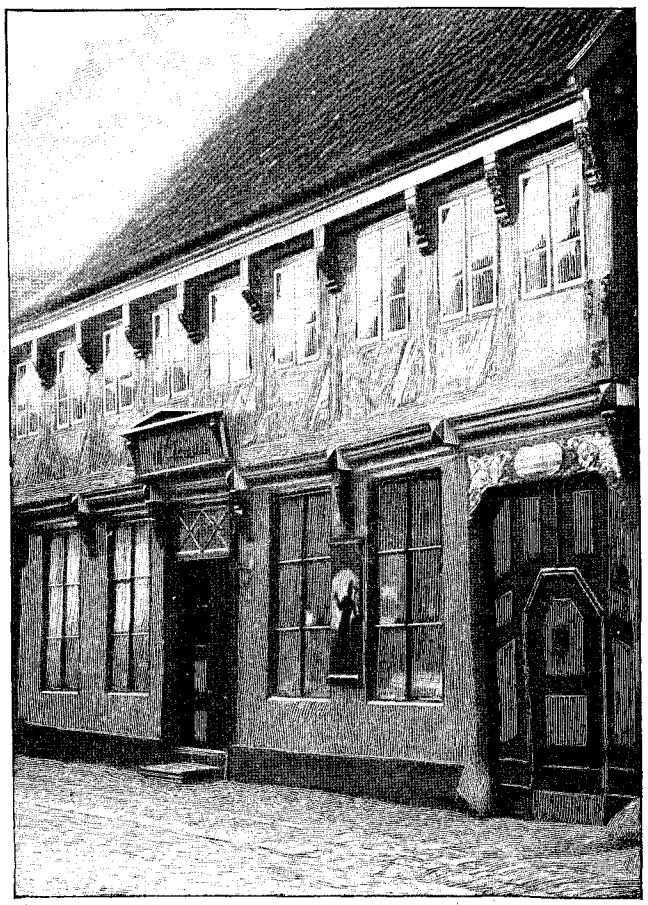
notice of my mother too. And there really was some whitewashing done, and the children were cleaned up for a season. So that the eight skilling were, if not wisely, yet well invested, after all.

No doubt Christmas had something to do with it. Poverty and misery always seem to jar more at the time when the whole world makes merry. We took an entire week off to keep Christmas in. Till after New Year's Day no one thought of anything else. The "Holy Eve" was the greatest of the year. Then the Domkirke shone with a thousand wax candles that made the gloom in the deep recesses behind the granite pillars seem deeper still, and brought out the picture of the Virgin Mary and her child, long hidden under the whitewash of the Reformation, and so preserved to our day by the very means taken to destroy it. The people sang the dear old hymns about the child cradled in the manger, and mother's tears fell in her hymn-book. Dear old mother! She had a house full, and little enough to manage with; but never one went hungry or unhelped from her door. I am a believer in organized, systematic charity upon the evidence of my senses; but—I am glad we have that one season in which we can forget our principles and err on the side of mercy, that little corner in the days of the dying year for sentiment and no questions asked. No need to be afraid. It is safe. Christmas charity never corrupts. Love keeps it sweet and good—the love He brought into the world at Christmas to temper the hard reason of man. Let it loose for that little spell. January comes soon enough with its long cold. Always it seems to me the longest month in the year. It is so long to another Christmas!

To say that Ribe was an old town



THE LAST HOUSE MY FATHER LIVED IN

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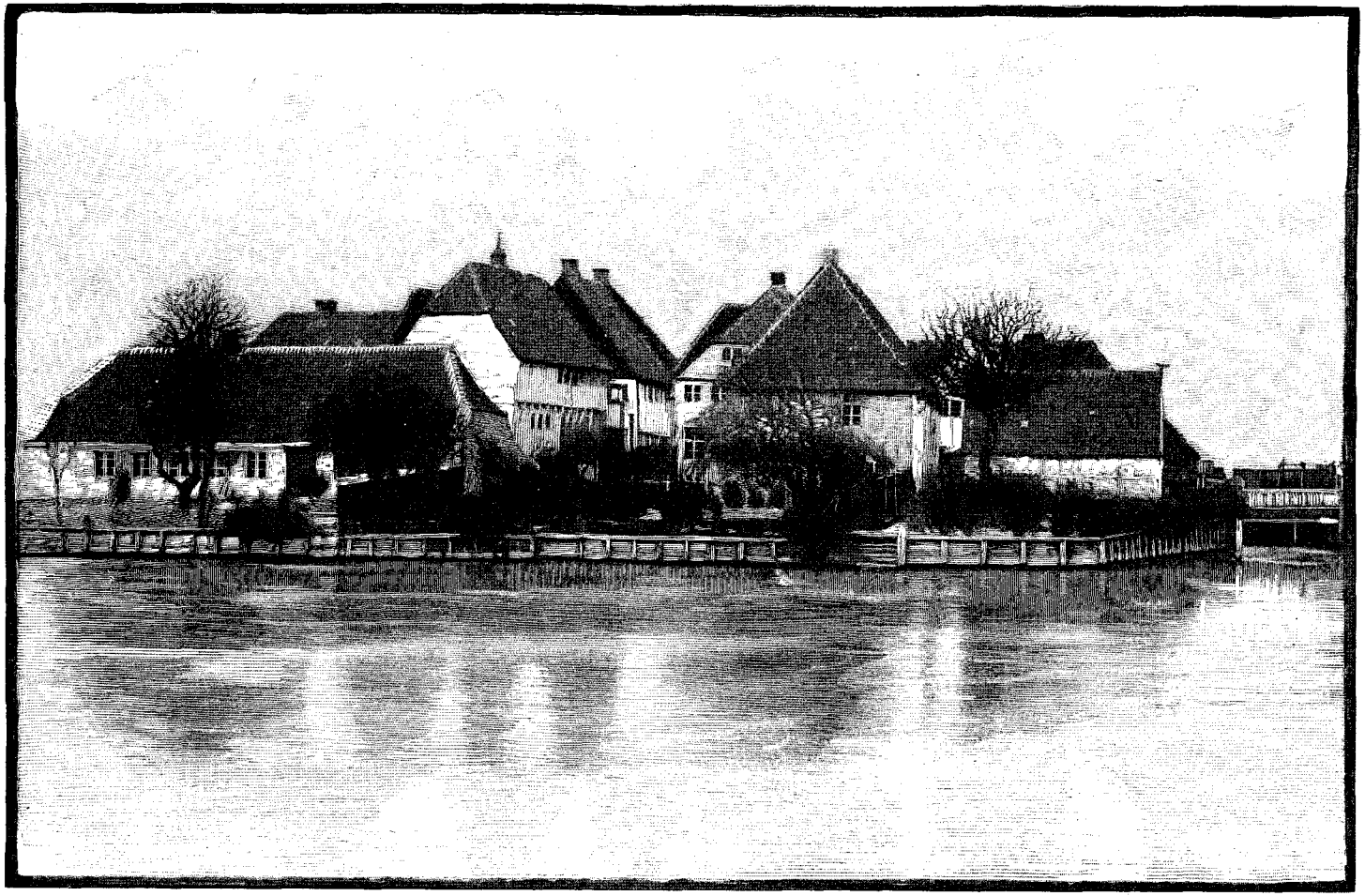

DOWN BY HER GARDEN, ON THE RIVER NIBS

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hardly describes it to readers at this day. A town might be old and yet have kept step with time. In my day Ribe had not. It had never changed its step or its ways since whale-oil lanterns first hung in iron chains across its cobblestone-paved streets to light them at night. There they hung yet, every rusty link squeaking dolefully in the wind that never ceased blowing from the sea. Coal-oil, just come from America, was regarded as a dangerous innovation. I remember buying a bottle of "Pennsylvania oil" at the grocer's for eight skilling, as a doubtful domestic experiment. Steel pens had not crowded out the old-fashioned goose-quill, and pen-knives meant just what their name implies. Matches were yet of the future. We carried tinder-boxes to strike fire with. People shook their heads at the telegraph. The day of the stage-coach was not yet past. Steamboat and railroad had not come within forty miles of the town, and only one steam factory—a cotton-mill that was owned by Elizabeth's father. At the time of the beginning of my story, he, having made much money during the early years of the American war through foresight in having supplied himself with cotton, was building another and larger, and I helped putting it up. Of progress and enterprise he held an absolute monopoly in Ribe, and though he employed more than half of its working force, it is not far from the truth that he was unpopular on that account. It could not well be otherwise in a town whose militia company yet drilled with flint-lock muskets. Those we had in the school for the use of the big boys—dreadful old blunderbusses of the pre-Napoleonic era—were of the same pattern. I remember the fright that seized our worthy rector when the German army was approaching in the winter of 1863, and the haste they made to pack them all in a box and send them out to be sunk in the deep, lest they fall into the hands of the enemy; and the consternation that sat upon their faces when they saw the Prussian needle-guns.

The watchmen still cried the hour at night. They do, for that matter, yet. The railroad came to town and the march of improvement struck it, after I had gone away. Century-old institutions were ruthlessly upset. The police force, which in my boyhood consisted of a man and a half—that is, one with a wooden leg—was increased and uniformed, and the night watchmen's chant was stopped. But there are limits to everything. The town that had been waked every hour of the night since the early Middle Ages to be told that it slept soundly, could not possibly take a night's rest without it. It lay awake dreading all sorts of unknown disasters. Universal insomnia threatened it; and within a month, on petition of the entire community, the council restored the songsters, and they squeak to this day. This may sound like exaggeration; but it is not. It is a faithful record of what took place and stands so upon the official minutes of the municipality.

When I was in Denmark last year, I looked over some of those old reports, and had more than one melancholy laugh at the account of measures taken for the defense of Ribe at the first assault of the Germans in 1849. That was the year I was born. Ribe, being a border town on the line of the coveted territory, set about arming itself to resist invasion. The citizens built barricades in the streets—one of them, with wise forethought, in front of the drug-store, "in case any one were to faint" and stand in need of Hoffman's drops or smelling-salts. The women filled kettles with hot water in the houses flanking an eventual advance. "Two hundred pounds of powder" were ordered from the next town by foot-post, and a cannon that had stood half buried a hundred years, serving for a hitching-post, was dug up and put into commission. There being a scarcity of guns, the curate of the next village reported arming his host with spears and battle-axes as the next best thing. A rumor of a sudden advance of the enemy sent the mothers with babes in arms scurrying north for safety. My mother was among them. I was a month old at the time. Thirty years later I battled for the mastery in the police office in Mulberry Street with a reporter for the "Staats-Zeitung" whom I discovered to be one of those invaders, and I took it out of him in revenge. Old Cohen carried a Danish bullet in his arm to remind him of his early ill-doings. But it was not fired in defense of Ribe. That collapsed when a staff officer of the government, who had been sent to report upon the zeal of the Ribe men, declared that the town could

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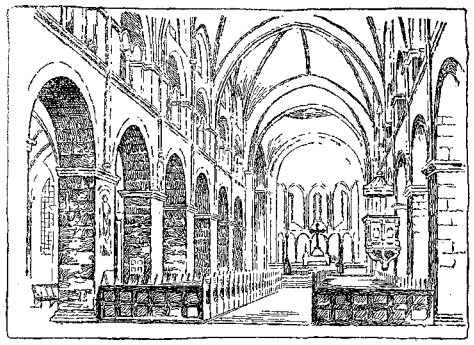
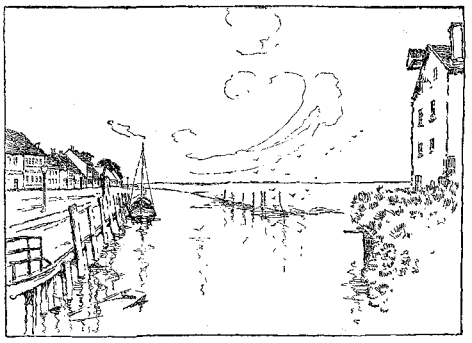


WITHIN THE DOMKIRK

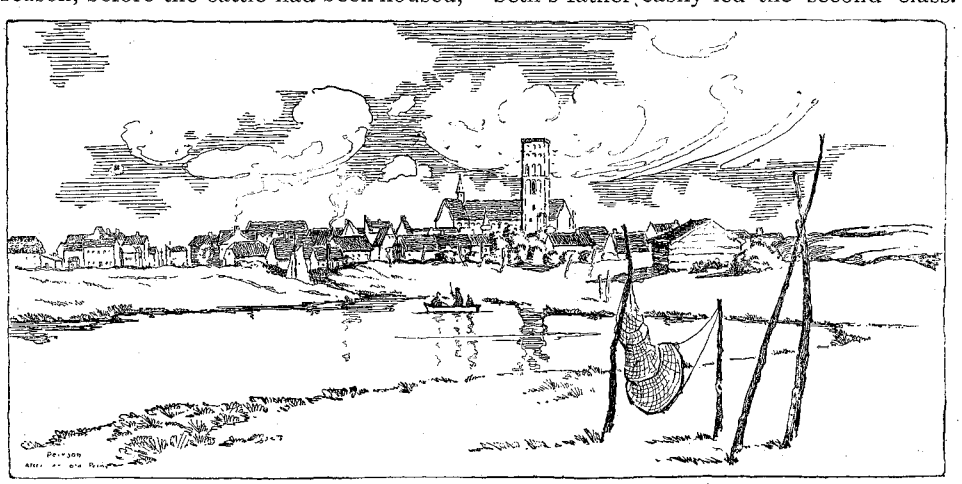


DOWNSTREAM, WHERE SHIPS SAILED ONCE

be defended only by damming the river and flooding the meadows, which would cost two hundred daler. The minutes of the council represent that that was held to be too great a price to pay for the privilege of being sacked, perhaps, as a captured town; and the citizen army disbanded.

If the coming of the invading army could have been timed to suit, the sea, which from old was the bulwark of the nation, might have completed the defenses of Ribe without other expense to it than that of repairing damages. Two or three times a year, usually in the fall, when it blew long and hard from the northwest, it broke in over the low meadows and flooded the country as far as eye could reach. Then the high causeways were the refuge of everything that lived in the fields; hares, mice, foxes, and partridges huddled there, shivering in the shower of spray that shot over the road, and making such stand as they could against the fierce blast. If the "storm flood" came early in the season, before the cattle had been housed, there was a worse story to tell. Then the town butcher went upon the causeway at daybreak with the implements of his trade to save if possible, by letting the blood, at least the meat of drowned cattle and sheep that were cast up by the sea. When it rose higher and washed over the road, the mail-coach picked its way warily between white posts set on both sides to guide it safe. We boys caught fish in the streets of the town, while red tiles flew from the roofs all about us, and we enjoyed ourselves hugely. It was part of the duty of the watchmen who cried the hours to give warning if the sea came in suddenly during the night. And when we heard it we shivered in our beds with gruesome delight.

The people of Ribe were of three classes: the officials, the tradesmen, and the working people. The bishop, the burgomaster, and the rector of the Latin School headed the first class, to which my father belonged as the senior master in the school. Elizabeth's father easily led the second class.



RIBE, FROM THE WEST

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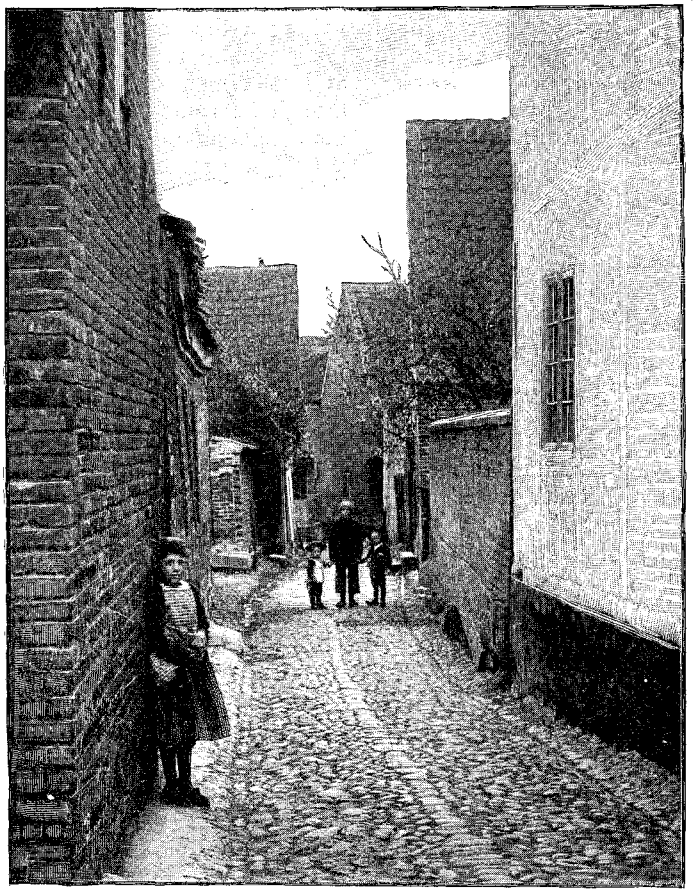
For the third, it had no leaders and nothing to say at that time. On state occasions lines were quite sharply drawn between the classes, but the general kindliness of the people caused them at ordinary times to be so relaxed that the difference was hardly to be noticed. Theirs was a real neighborliness that roamed unrestrained and without prejudice until brought up with a round turn at the barrier of traditional orthodoxy. I remember well one instance of that kind. There lived in our town a single family of Jews, well-to-do tradespeople, gentle and good, and socially popular. There lived also a Gentile woman of wealth, a mother in the strictly Lutheran Israel, who fed and clothed the poor and did no end of good. She was a very pious woman. It so happened that the Jewess and the Christian were old friends. But one day they strayed upon dangerous ground. The Jewess saw it and tried to turn the conversation from the religious topic.

"Well, dear friend," she said, soothingly, "some day, when we meet in heaven, we shall all know better."

The barrier was reached. Her friend fairly bristled as she made reply:

"What! *Our* heaven? No, indeed! We may be good friends here, Mrs. ——, but there—really, you will have to excuse me."



A COBBLESTONE-PAVED ALLEY

It may be that it contributed something to the ordinarily democratic relations of the upper-class men and the tradespeople that the latter were generally well-to-do, while the officials mostly had a running fight of it with their incomes. My father's salary had to reach around to a family of fourteen, nay, fifteen, for he took his dead sister's child when a baby and brought her up with us, who were boys all but one. Father had charge of the Latin

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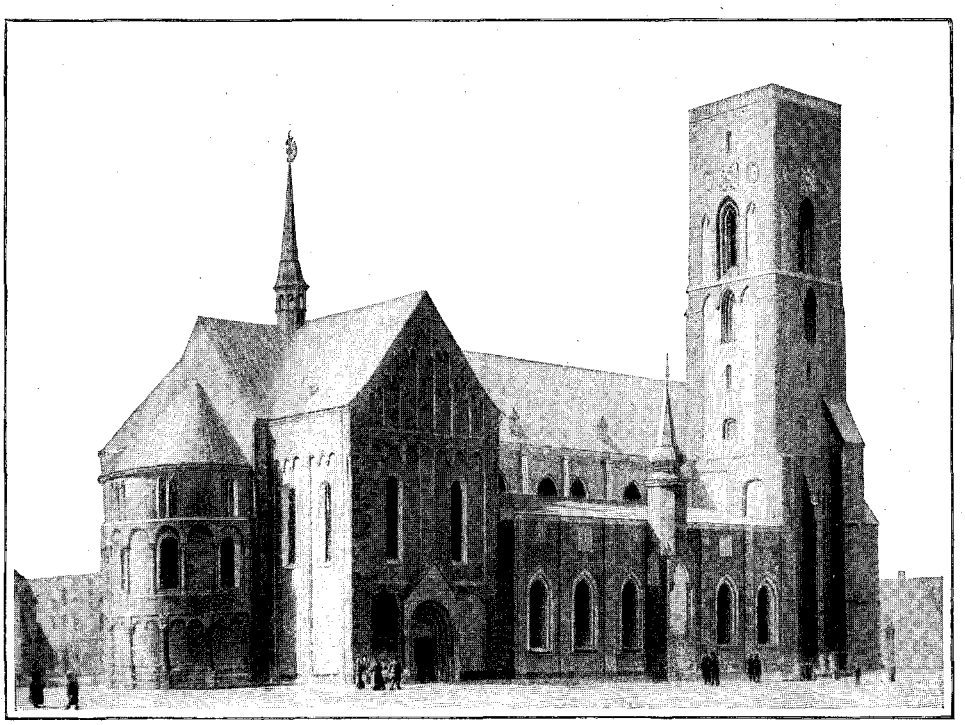
form, and this, with a sense of grim humor, caused him, I suppose, to check his children off with the Latin numerals, as it were. The sixth was baptized Sextus, the ninth Nonus, though they were not called so, and he was dissuaded from calling the twelfth Duodecimus only by the certainty that the other boys would miscall him "Dozen." How I escaped Tertius I don't know. Probably the scheme had not been thought of then. Poor father! Of the whole fourteen but one lived to realize his hopes of a professional career, only to die when he had just graduated from the medical school. My oldest brother went to sea; Sophus, the doctor, was the next; and I, when it came my time to study in earnest, refused flatly and declared my wish to learn the carpenter's trade. Not till thirty years after did I know how deep the wound was I struck my father then. He had set his heart upon my making a literary career, and though he was very far from lacking sympathy with the workingman—I rather think that he was the one link between the upper and lower strata in our town in that way, enjoying the most hearty respect of both—yet it was a sad disappointment to him. It was in 1893, when I saw him for the last time, that I found it out, by a chance remark he dropped when sitting with my first book, "How the Other Half Lives," in his hand, and also the sacrifice he had made of his own literary ambitions to eke out by hack editorial work on the local newspaper a living for his large family. As for me, I would have been repaid for the labor of writing a thousand books by witnessing the pride he took in mine. There was at last a man of letters in the family, though he came by a road not down on the official map.

Crying over spilt milk was not my father's fashion, however. If I was to be a carpenter, there was a good one in town, to whom I was forthwith apprenticed for a year. During that time, incidentally, I might make up my mind, upon the evidence of my reduced standing, that school was, after all, to be preferred. And thus it was that I came to be a working boy helping build her proud father's factory at the time I fell head over heels in love with sweet Elizabeth. Certainly I had taken no easy road to the winning of my way and my bride; so reasoned the town, which



THE DOMKIRKE AT RIBE

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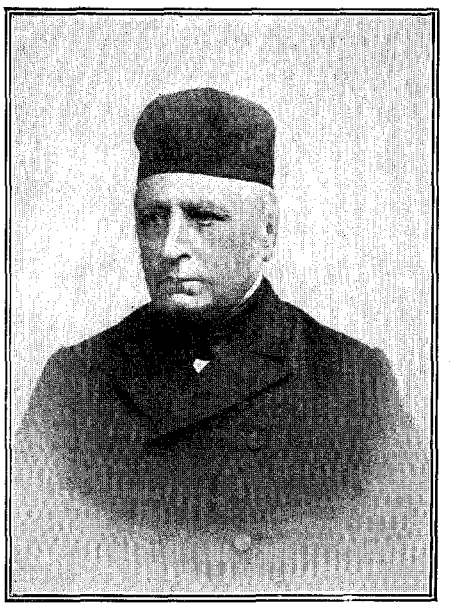

OUR OLD PASTOR

presently took note of my infatuation. But, then, it laughed, there was time enough. I was fifteen and she not thirteen. There was time enough, oh, yes! Only I did not think so. My courtship proceeded at a tumultuous pace, which first made the town laugh, then put it out of patience and made some staid matrons express the desire to box my ears soundly. It must be owned that if courting were generally done on the plan I adopted, there would be little peace and less safety all around. When she came playing among the lumber where we were working, as she naturally would, danger dogged my steps. I carry a scar on the shin-bone made with an adze I should have been minding when I was looking after her. The forefinger on my left hand has a stiff joint. I cut that off with an ax when she was dancing on a beam close by. Though it was put on again by a clever surgeon and kept on, I have never had the use of it since. But what did a finger matter, or ten, when she was only there! Once I fell off the roof when I must crane my neck to see her go around the corner. But I hardly took note of those things, except to enlist her sympathy by posing as a wounded hero with my arm in a sling at the dancing-school which I had joined on purpose to dance with her. I was the biggest boy there, and therefore first to choose a partner, and I remember even now the snickering of the school when I went right over and took Elizabeth. She flushed angrily, but I didn't care. That was what I was there for, and I had her now. I didn't let her go again, either, though the teacher delicately hinted that we were not a good match. She was the best dancer in school, and I was the worst. Not a good match, hey! That was as much as she knew about it.

It was at the ball that closed the dancing-school that I excited the strong desire of the matrons to box my ears by ordering Elizabeth's father off the floor when he tried to join in before midnight, the time set for the elders to take charge. I was floor committee, but how I could do such a thing passes my understanding, except on the principle laid down by Mr. Dooley that when a man is in love he is looking for fight all around. I must have been, for they had to hold me back by main strength from running away to the army that was fighting a losing fight with two Great Powers that winter. Though I was far under age, I was a big boy, and might have passed; but the hasty retreat of the brave little band before overwhelming odds settled it. With the echoes of the scandal caused by the ball episode still ringing, I went off to Copenhagen to serve out my apprenticeship there with a great builder whose name I saw among the dead in the paper only the other day. He was ever a good friend to me.

The third day after I reached the capital, which happened to be my birthday, I had appointed a meeting with my student brother at the art exhibition in the palace of Charlottenborg. I found two stairways running up from the main entrance, and was debating in my mind which to take, when a handsome gentleman in a blue overcoat asked, with a slight foreign accent, if he could help me. I told him my trouble, and we went up together, I entertaining him on the way with an account of why I had come to Copenhagen and of my impression of it. I liked the people, I told him; they were so very nice and polite, as now for instance he himself, offering to pilot a stranger. He laughed a little, said that was so, and, when we came to the doors of the exhibition-rooms, pointed the way to the Danish paintings where I was to meet my brother. With

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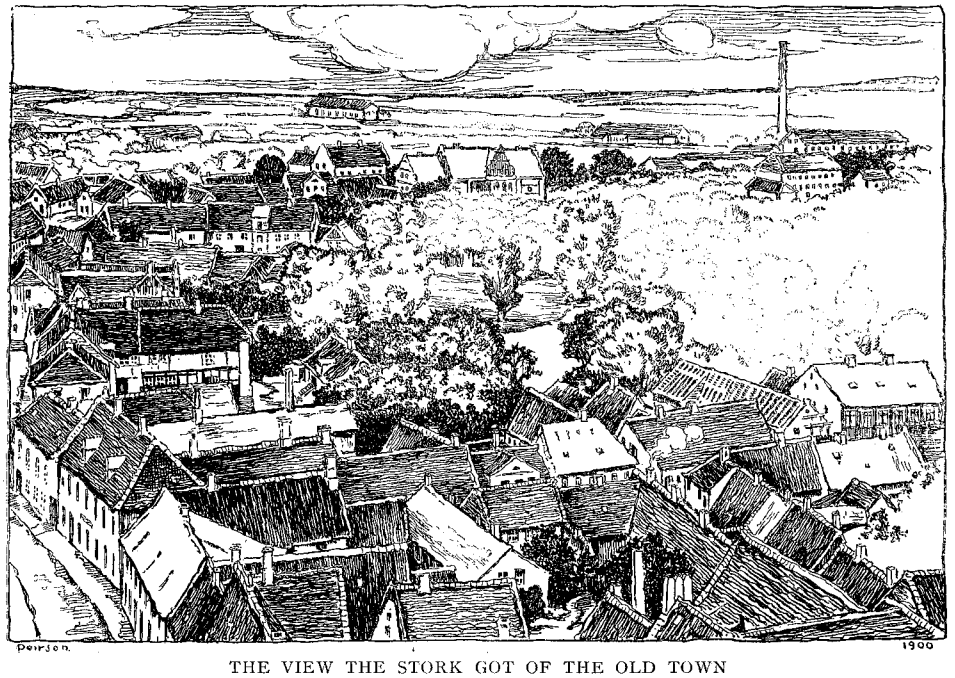
that he was gone, and there stood only a red lackey bowing very deeply. I bowed back the best I could, and went off to tell my brother how very nicely I was being used. As I talked, in came my friend in the blue overcoat and nodded, smiling at me.

"There he is," I said, and nodded too. To my surprise, Sophus got up with a start and salaamed in haste.

"Great Scott!" he said, when the stranger was gone. "You don't mean to say he was your guide? Why, that is the King, boy!"

It was my first meeting with King Christian, but not the last. That is just the way he is, and why his people love him and call him "The good king."

Four years I dreamt away in Copenhagen while I learned my trade. The intervals when I was awake were when she came to the town on a visit with her father, or, later, to finish her education at a fashionable school. I mind the first time she came. I was at the depot, and I rode with her on the back of their coach, unknown to them. So I found out what hotel they were to stay at. I called the next day, and purposely forgot my gloves. Heaven knows where I got them from—probably borrowed them. Those were not days for gloves. Her father sent them to my address the next day with a broad hint that, having been neighborly, I needn't call again. He was getting square for the ball. But my wife says that I was never good at taking a hint, except in the way of business, as a reporter. I kept the run of her all the time she was in the city. She did not always see me, but I saw her, and that was enough. I watched her home from school in the evening, and was content, though she was escorted by a cadet with a pig-sticker at his side. He was her cousin, and had given me his word that he cared nothing about her. When she was sick, I pledged my Sunday trousers for a dollar and bought her a bouquet of flowers which they teased her about until she cried and threw it away. And all the time she was getting more beautiful and more lovable. She was certainly the handsomest girl in Copenhagen, which is full of charming women.



THE VIEW THE STORK GOT OF THE OLD TOWN

There were long spells when she was away, and when I dreamt on undisturbed. It was during one of these that I went to the theater with my brother to see a famous play in which an assassin tried to murder the heroine, who was asleep in an arm-chair. Now, this heroine was a well-known

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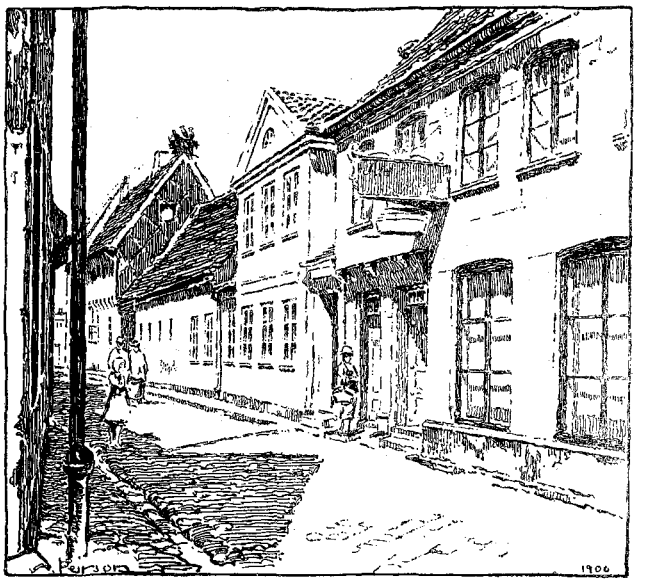
actress, a Mrs. Recke, who looked singularly like Elizabeth. As she sat there with the long curls sweeping her graceful neck, in imminent danger of being killed, I forgot where I was, what it was, all and everything except that danger threatened Elizabeth, and sprang to my feet with a loud cry of murder, trying to make for the stage. My brother struggled to hold me back. There was a sensation in the theater, and the play was held up while they put me out. I remember King George of Greece eying me from his box as I was being transported to the door, and the rascal murderer on the stage looking as if he had done something deserving of praise. Outside, in the cold, my brother shook me up and took me home, a sobered and somewhat crestfallen lad. But, anyhow, I don't like that kind of play. I don't see why the villain on the stage is any better than the villain on the street. There are enough of them and to spare. And think if he *had* killed her!

THE DESERTED QUAY

The years passed, and the day came at last when, having proved my fitness, I received my certificate as a duly enrolled carpenter of the guild of Copenhagen, and, dropping my tools joyfully and in haste, made a bee-line for Ribe, where she was. I thought that I had moved with very stealthy steps toward my goal, having grown four years older than at the time I set the whole community by the ears. But it could not have been so, for I had not been twenty-four hours in town before it was all over that I had come home to propose to Elizabeth; which was annoying but true. By the same sort of sorcery the town knew in another day that she had refused me, and all the wise heads wagged and bore witness that they could have told me so. What did I, a common carpenter, want at the "castle"? That was what they called her father's house. He had other plans for his pretty daughter.

As for Elizabeth, poor child! she was not yet seventeen, and was easily persuaded that it was all wrong; she wept, and in the goodness of her gentle heart was truly sorry; and I kissed her hands and went out, my eyes brimming over with tears, feeling that there was nothing in all the wide world for me any more, and that the farther I went from her the better. So it was settled that I should go to America. Her mother gave me a picture of her and



MY CHILDHOOD HOME

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a lock of her hair, and thereby roused the wrath of the dowagers once more; for why should I be breaking my heart over Elizabeth in foreign parts, since she was not for me? Ah, but mothers know better! I lived on that picture and that curl six long years.

One May morning my own mother went to the stage-coach with me to see me off on my long journey. Father stayed home. He was ever a man who, with the tenderest of hearts, put on an appearance of great sternness lest he betray it. God rest his soul! That nothing that I have done caused him greater grief in his life than the separation that day is sweet comfort to me now. He lived to take Elizabeth to his heart, a beloved daughter. For me, I had been that morning, long before the sun rose, under her window to bid her good-by, but she did not know it. The servants did, though, and told her of it when she got up. And she, girl-like, said, "Well, I didn't ask him to come," but in her secret soul I think there was a small regret that she did not see me go.

So I went out in the world to seek my fortune, the richer for some forty dollars which Ribe friends had presented to me, knowing that I had barely enough to pay my passage over in the steerage. Though I had aggravated them in a hundred ways and wholly disturbed the peace of the old town, I think they liked me a little, anyway. They were always good, kind neighbors, honest and lovable folk. I looked back, with my mother's blessing yet in my ears, to where the gilt weather-vanes glistened on her father's house, and the tears brimmed over again. And yet, such is life, presently I felt my heart bound with a new courage. All was not lost yet. The world was before me. But yesterday the chance befell that, in going to communion in the old Domkirke, I knelt beside her at the altar rail. I thought of that and dried my eyes. God is good. He did not lay it up against me. When next we met there, we knelt to be made man and wife, for better or worse; blessedly, gloriously for better, forever and aye, and all our troubles were over. For had we not one another?

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Infinite Little

By Robert Ormiston Brockway

A little dreaming and we are
Further than the farthest star;

A little pleasure and we gain
The fortitude to bear our pain;

A little striving and is ours
The strength of all our latent powers;

A little purpose and a will
And we our highest hopes fulfill;

A little doubt, intrepid ghost,
And we lose all we cherish most;

A little faith, the steadfast smile,
And we the future reconcile;

A little earnest trustful prayer
For wildered creatures everywhere,

And that all bad is for the best—
The worst, perchance, be worthiest

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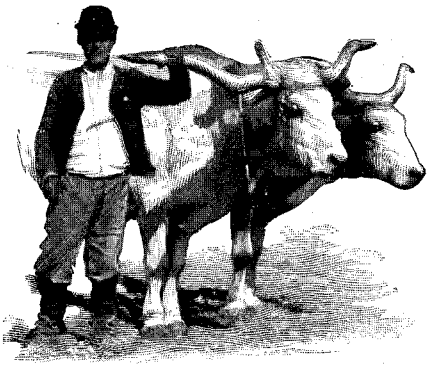
SLAVIC CHARACTERISTICS



BY

EDWARD A. STEINER

TO write about the characteristics of any race seems perilous, the danger being to ascribe to a nation, as traits, the agreeable or disagreeable impressions gathered from individuals during visits of shorter or longer duration. Inherited prejudices play no little part in such judgments; and, again, we too often hear nations given praise or blame which is based upon an indigestible dish, a disagreeable day, a good glass of wine, or joyous *camaraderie*.

To characterize the Slav is doubly difficult, because he has managed in the last twenty years to start many conflicts, and therefore has made many enemies, who are apt to ascribe to him many uncomplimentary characteristics. The Englishman has disagreeable notions of the Slav in the East, the German has his Polish problem, the Austrian has the belligerent Czech, the Italian on the Adriatic has the assertive Illyrian, and the Turk doesn't think very highly of his Slav neighbors, the Bulgarians and Montenegrins. It is not only hard not to be prejudiced against the Slav, but it is hard to be informed about him; first, because he has written very little about himself, and, secondly, because there are so many Slavic tribes which have remained isolated one from the other, have developed upon different lines, or have been influenced by the stronger race to which they happened to be neighbors, so that many characteristics which we ascribe to them are often the borrowed virtues, or more frequently the sins, of their neighbors.

The Wends, Poles, and Bohemians show in speech and life influences of their German neighbors; the Slovak in Hungary has a strong Magyar taint; the Croatian, Serbian, Bulgarian, and the Montenegrin come dangerously near the Turk; the Dalmatian on the Adriatic, in spite of his resistance against it, shows influences of Venice, not only in the magnificent architecture of his churches, but also in language and character; while the Slovane of the Alps has received much good from his brave Tyrolese neighbors.

The only Slavic people who present an unbroken surface for observation are the Russians, who, undivided by high mountains or other natural difficulties, have blended their differences to some extent, and have become a vast nation, with a common language, a common faith, and certain characteristics which have become the common possession of all the people. But to generalize even about the Russian is impossible, inasmuch as there are at least two well-defined types, divided geographically, and differing not only in outward appearance, but in nearly everything about which one is sorely tempted to write in general terms.

The Great Russian, who occupies the

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largest part of his native land, is undoubtedly of mixed blood, the Finnish extraction manifesting itself in the flattened features and the protruding cheekbones; while his enemies say that you need not scratch him long before you strike the Tartar. He is rather roughly made, his features are anything but delicate, the nose is heavy and inclined to be pugnacious (this may be taken as the general tendency of the Slavic nose), his eyes are brown or pale blue, and friendly, and the face is suffused by a health-betraying glow. The color of the hair is seldom or never black, and shades all the way from a light brown to a definite red, and from that to a rather indefinite blond.

The other pronounced type is that of the Small Russian, who occupies nearly all the southern portion of the country, and differs from his more numerous brothers in physique and habits as the southern people usually differ from the northern. The Small Russians are, generally speaking, smaller, the face more delicately chiseled, complexion and hair darker, their women vivacious and handsome, and they claim to be of purer Slavic blood, although you do not have to scratch them at all to find the Tartar.

The Slav has moved from the Dnjepr as far east as the Ural, and is moving beyond it as fast as steam can carry him. He has entered the heart of Europe, is at the doors of the German capital, and has almost supplanted the native Austrian in Vienna. In the Alps, on its southern slopes, he has built his huts within nature's citadels, and faces Italy on the Adriatic. On the Balkan he has asserted himself, has shaken off the yoke of Islam, and is destined to be the master of the Bosphorus; while the Karpathians, which, like a crescent, wind about Hungary, are the stronghold of the ever-increasing Slav.

In a larger measure the other Slavic tribes on non-Russian soil differ one from another; thus, the Dalmatian is the giant among them, and he of the Boche de Cattaro is a veritable Slavic Apollo, measuring, on an average, six feet three inches. He is dark-skinned, and graceful in his movements. But size and beauty decrease as one travels northward through Bulgaria and Serbia into Hungary, Bohemia, and Poland.

One despairs of designating as a race, or even as a nation, a people which differs more widely than one can tell within the limits of a magazine article; a people who have neither a history nor a literature in common, and whose language, although philologically one, varies so that if they undertook to build a tower or an empire, the confusion of the Biblical Babel would find a parallel in modern history.

And yet these differing tribes or nationalities have some things in common, especially in the social life and organism. There is, first of all, a temper which is among all of them impassive, seldom aroused even under the influence of drink. This explains the ease with which they have been conquered by other races, seldom coming to independence, only the nature of their country having compelled the Russians to make a Russia, which they were a long time in making. This also explains the despotism of the Czar, the patience with which it is borne, and the long stretches of years without revolution or reformation. The Slav is not a builder of empires, because he is not a citizen but a subject—a severe master or a submissive servant. As a rule, he bears oppression patiently, shrinks from overcoming obstacles, is seldom inquisitive enough to climb over the mountains which lock in his native village to see what is beyond them, never cares much for the sea and its perils, and the Russian's desire for harbors is a political necessity rather than a natural want. Even a democratic institution, such as the "mir" in Russia, which borders strongly upon communism, and is by some scholars urged as an indication of the Slavs' independent spirit, is to me a proof of their lack of that spirit. Any one who has been at a meeting of the "mir" knows that the one or the few never dissent; things go just as they come, and the strong rascal (and there are such among the Slavs) rules "mir" or "bratstvo" at his own pleasure, and no one says, "Why do ye so?"

The family bears among the Slavs strong archaic forms, especially among those of the south, where the bratstvo (brotherhood) is still the unit. A bratstvo occupies, according to its size, one or more villages; and church, cemetery, meadows, and mills are held in common. Besides these

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A SLAV PILGRIM (RUSSIAN)

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A DALMATIAN WOMAN

peaceful possessions, they have every quarrel in common, and every member of the bratstvo is most ready to avenge the honor of his people. In Montenegro, the Herzegovina, and also in some parts of Dalmatia, blood vengeance is still practiced, and it not seldom happens that, to avenge one life, war is waged until there is not one male member left who can carry a gun, and then the quarrels are continued by the next generation. The bratstvo is ruled by an elder, elected by all its male members. He is their justice of the peace, the presiding officer at all meetings, and in case of war is the captain of his company. The members of a bratstvo consider themselves blood relatives, and intermarriages were formerly prohibited, and even now are not common. The aristocratic spirit shows itself in the fact that mechanics, especially blacksmiths, are expelled from it and share none of its privileges or responsibilities. The elder of the bratstvo, or household, is an embryo Czar, and the honors shown to him by all its members express the reverence which the Slav always shows to those in authority. He can withhold permission for smoking, dancing, or playing; no one touches the food until he has tasted it, no one is seated in his presence until he has permitted it; he is the one member of the household who has an individual spoon, which may not be used in the cooking; and yet from experience I know that he may sometimes play the Czar too much, and that there is temper enough left in the household, if not in the men at least in the women, to make it decidedly uncomfortable for him, and to remind him of his plebeian origin and his democratic relatives.

The further north one travels, the more the bratstvo decreases, although the large communal households do not entirely disappear even in Russia. Everywhere the bond of relationship is very strong, and to become the godfather of a child unites one to its family for weal or woe. There is one relationship common among the southern Slavs which exceeds that of the closest tie of blood; it is that of *probratimtsvo*,

A RUSSIAN MOUJIK

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A GROUP OF RUSSIAN PEASANT HARVESTERS

or *prosestrimtstvo*, a brotherhood or sisterhood, or close friendship, between two men or two women, or even between a man and a woman, which among orthodox Slavs is still solemnized with the sacraments of the church. Of course this solemn service is followed by a feast, and the following toast shows the spirit of that occasion:

With whom drink I to-day?
With thee, honored brother, with thee drink I to-day
In God's name.
The virgin bless thine earthly store;
Increase thine honor more and more;
Be near thy friend with helpful deed,
But never thou his help to need.
God grant thee much of earthly bliss,
And may the saints thy forehead kiss.
May wine for friends abundant flow,
And children in thy household grow.
May God unite our house and land,
As we thus grasp each other's hand.

Admirable as is the family tie which binds the Slav, abhorrent even to the strongest "Slavophile" is the position occupied by woman in the family and in the social life. To escape the charge of prejudice, I shall quote a few proverbs current among the southern Slavs—a few out of many hundreds:

The man is the head, the woman is grass.

One man is worth more than ten women.

A man of straw is worth more than a woman of gold.

Let the dog bark, but let the woman keep silent.

He who does not beat his wife is no man.

"What shall I get when I marry?" asks a boy of his father. "For your wife a stick, for your children a switch."

Twice in his life is a man happy: once when he marries, and once when he buries his wife.

And the woman sings in the Russian folk-song, which I have freely translated,

Love me true, and love me quick,
Pull my hair, and use the stick.

Although there are love-songs of another kind, in which woman is praised for her charms, she becomes virtually a slave as soon as she marries, and the little poetry of the folk-song does not accompany her even to the marriage altar. She is valued only for the work she can do in a household and for the children she can bear; and should this latter blessing be denied

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A LITTLE SLOVAK

A SLAV GIRL

her, her lot becomes doubly pitiable, and she often seeks release by suicide, after which the proverb says of her, "It is better thus; a barren woman is of no use in the world." In Montenegro the proverb says, "My wife is my mule," and she is treated accordingly; and to see her bent double beneath her load of wood, flour, or oil, while her liege lord walks erect by her side, with his arsenal of weapons in his girdle, is to see the proverb in action. Yet here, where woman's lot is the worst, woman's virtue is regarded most highly, and the penalty for adultery is swift death, while the social vice is almost unknown.

It would, of course, be unjust to charge every Slav with beating his wife, but, unfortunately, it is the rule rather than the exception; and the lot of the Slavic woman grows better only as the Slav is further from Eastern barbarism and nearer to Western civilization. Yet she is wooed with the same ardor as is her more favored sister, and perhaps she is loved just as much by her husband—only he has a strange way of showing his affection. That the Slavic woman possesses the qualities to make of herself a "new woman" can be plainly seen among the women of the higher class in Russia, where there is a second paradise for women; America, by common consent, being the first.

Among all the Slavs music is much loved, and the fields in the busiest harvest-time are melodious from song. The Czech's love for music has become proverbial, although the proverb is not complimentary to him and was invented by his enemies. It is said that when a Czech boy is born, the nurse holds up to him a penny and a violin; if he seizes the penny, he will be a thief; if the violin, he will be a musician. It is true that every Czech village has its band, which often wanders all over Europe, making melody as it goes; and, in nine cases out of ten, the "leetle Sherman pand" upon which the American bestows his pennies and his jokes does not come from Germany at all, but from some village in Bohemia. Slavic music has a melancholy strain, and this is especially true of the music of the southern Slav, whose simple musical instruments, the "swirala" and the "gusla," are not capable of giving one joyous note, even at a wedding. They may be truly called Jeremiac instruments. With love of music goes the

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love of dancing, and the Czechs and Poles invent new dances for every occasion, while the southern Slavs cling to their monotonous national "kolo," which is a reckless sort of kicking exercise, accompanied by the aforesaid instruments, while some old minstrel sings of the heroic deeds of the past.

Cities among the Slavs are rare; the people usually live in villages, nearly all of which have common characteristics. It seemed strange to find that I could walk through a Russian village near Moscow, and yet could easily think myself among the Slovaks, thousands of miles away, or even among the more picturesque Dalmatians on the Adriatic. The villages all look alike. There is always one street, and just one, in the village; one wood or mud house leans against the other, one thatched roof overlaps the other, and there is never more than one fire at a time in a village like this; for generally the whole business burns down at once. The barns, called "stodoly," are generally built together, a short distance from the village. The church occupies the center of the village, and near by is a mud-puddle, where geese, pigs, and babies take their daily swim. Put into some convenient place a pump, tie some ox-teams to it, place in the foreground clouds of dust or a sea of mud, and you have a fair picture of Slavic villages.

AN OLD TURKISH SLAV

Of course they differ in degrees of ugliness, the Russian village taking the first prize for unadulterated homeliness, as there is no sign of beauty, not even a primitive attempt at decoration, anywhere. Among the Slovaks in Hungary, and among the neighboring tribes, there is an attempt at art; crudely painted houses are the rule, and somewhere about them there will be an indication of decoration, but it requires a vivid imagination to find out just what it is.

Little flower-gardens near or around the houses are seldom or never seen in Russia, but are common among the Czechs and other Western Slavs. The interior of the houses differs among them as to size and arrangement. The Russian house has two rooms, separated by the main entrance. One is called the cold room and the other the hot room. The hot, or winter, room has as its chief possession a brick bake, cook, and heating stove or oven, the top of which is the bedstead in the winter-time; and a very comfortable place it is. The cleanliness in these Slavic homes is also of varied degrees, and is mostly conspicuous by its absence. Dirt, I am sorry to say, is almost everywhere in evidence, and certain insects which would annoy us dreadfully exist in these rooms in uncountable numbers, but are treated with silent contempt, which does not tend to lessen them.

The Slavic tribes differ in their costumes, but nearly all of them have retained the sheepskin coat, which they wear summer and winter. The wool is turned inside. The skin is often colored red, and the legs of the sheep hang over the shoulders. Both men and women wear this coat; but, of course, the woman's coat is decorated in fantastic ways and costs a great deal of money. The rest of the man's attire consists of linen trousers and shirt, home-made from the tough fiber to the coarse stitching. A cap is also worn, and in Russia is gener-

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A TYPICAL SLAV HOUSE IN HUNGARY
The best house in the village.

ally of fur. There are numberless varieties of this dress, but in each village all dress alike, differing only in the fineness of the material used.

"How do the women dress?" Can a man ever describe a woman's dress? And can any mortal describe the Slavic woman's dress, when in nearly every village they have a peculiar style? And, oh! what styles! Color in everything; red, yellow, silver, and gold, laces and embroideries and what-not, costing sometimes nearly two hundred dollars. But, of course, they do not get a new dress every year, just once in a lifetime, or, if they are really good, maybe two. The costliness of the woman's dress is the cause of much suffering, for, although the styles do not change, vanity is a shrewd mistress, and will put a half-inch broader lace upon a woman's cap, thus setting all the feminine hearts on fire from envy, and the next market day the broader lace will be shading every woman's eyes, although perhaps a feather bed had to be pawned, or next winter's pig had to wander to the butcher's ere its time had come.

Among the Slovaks, with whom woman's garb is most costly and most picturesque, there is a great desire to lay it aside and adopt the more fashionable dress of civilization, for the peasant's costume compels one to be addressed as an inferior—*ti* (thou)—and putting on the modern garb puts one, at least in the eyes of strangers, upon a higher social level, and *onyi* (you) is the pronoun used.

The Slavic peasant lives simply enough. His food consists largely of a vegetable diet, and meat on the table is the sign of a holiday, a wedding, or of a fortunate excursion into a neighbor's chicken-coop or pig-sty. Among one large tribe they have only one meal a day, usually at noon. It is cooked in the morning and kept warm under the ashes or under the feather bed until it is time to eat it.

The main staples of diet among all are: potatoes; black, sour rye bread; cabbage, which is used in soups and cakes; *kascha*, which is gruel; and, finally, *barshtsh*, which is a concoction made of red beets, and is not half so bad as it looks.

The Czech has a reputation as an epicure, and the Bohemian girl is generally an excellent cook, in addition to her other good qualities. To mention Slavic cooking and leave out garlic would be "Hamlet with the Prince left out," and I feel sure that travelers in Slavic countries will readily testify to the excessive presence

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of this fragrant bulb, although they may never have seen it.

The literature of the Slav is not abundant, and it is too early to say whether or not it is great. That of Bohemia is the oldest, that of Poland the most finished, and that of Russia in modern times the most abundant. The folklorist has here much virgin territory in which to gather material, but it remains to be seen whether it is worth gathering and preserving. Both folk-lore and literature are strongly realistic, being a reflection of the Slavic character, and not a protest or reaction, as with the Germanic people. The Slav speaks and sings about plain things plainly, but naturally, and not offensively when one understands the source of his song. It never makes sin attractive, and consequently is wholesome. The lyric love-song is made in the hearts of the people, travels from lip to lip, and is simple and beautiful in the original; thus the Czech sings:

If I see thee, kneeling, praying
In the church, my dear,
I am far from God and heaven,
But to thee am near;
If I'd love my God in heaven
As I now love thee,
I would saint or very angel
In His presence be.

A YOUNG POLE

A RUSSIAN PEASANT GIRL

The Slovak sings thus of love:

Whence getteth everybody
Love in his very breast?
It grows not on the bushes,
It's hatched not in the nest;
And were this love abiding
On rocks as heaven high,
We'd send our hearts to find it,
Yes, even if we die.

More poetically, the Croatian sings:

Oh, what is love? a zephyr mild,
As gentle as a new-born child,
To kiss each blossoming flower.
Oh, what is love? a wild storm-cloud,
A roaring, maddening tempest loud,
A weeping, drenching shower.
Oh, what is love? a scattered gloom,
A thousand glorious flowers in bloom,
A glowing, burning fireball,
A giant held by chains in thrall,
A joyful, chiming wedding bell,
A dreadful chasm, a burning hell.
Oh, may thy love, thou dearest child,
Like spring winds be, so sweet, so mild!
Oh, reach to me thine angel hand,
And lead me to that heavenly land!

One of the marked characteristics of the Slav is his deep religious feeling. If you wander through Moscow, you will see at every step evidences of this in the many churches, chapels, and wayside icons before which the faithful cross themselves or lie prostrate in the dust. Everywhere the Russian manifests his deep allegiance to the Church, and every action of

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his life is in some way influenced by its teaching. He obeys implicitly all its rules, especially in regard to the many fast or feast days. He venerates the churches and cloisters, has implicit faith in the intercession of the saints, and every year out of every village go forth pious pilgrims over barren wastes and through dense forests to some sacred tomb in some far-away cloister. The height of ambition of every pious mujik is to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and a whole lifetime is spent in self-denying struggle to accumulate money enough for that purpose.

Common to all the Slavs is the tendency to superstition; remnants of the old heathenism remain everywhere, startling one by stories and usages which during centuries of winters' nights have grown to grotesque proportions in the dark, uncomfortable izbas of the peasants, and have curiously blended with their Christian faith, so that it is difficult for them to distinguish one from the other. The Slav is usually charitable to the poor, although not always generous to the weak, and he cannot be praised for excessive hospitality. He is too often clannish, is apt to be jealous, and consequently not always faithful or honest. The Polish and Russian peasants are proverbially thievish, and one of their most gentle critics says that the only things which they will not carry away are hot iron and millstones.

The Slav is humanity still in the rough, and to that fact are due his faults, his virtues, his weakness, and also his strength. It is folly to fear him. The world-supremacy is neither with the Slav nor with the Anglo-Saxon, but with that nation or those nations which shall obey best the divine law, which shall love righteousness most; and the nation which shall march to victory will march, not beneath the banner of the English bull or the Slavic bear, but beneath the banner of the Divine Lamb.

Faithless Faith

By Henry Johnstone

Not, on the crumbs and cold remains
  Of what was once a feast indeed,
To starve his soul, or pick with pains,
  From corn-land long gone back to weed,
  Quitches and burrs and nettle-seed;

Not, when the ebb has left the mud
  In festering levels brown and bare,
To swear he hears the mighty flood
  Still rolling his strong waters there,
  And call the naked foulness fair,—

Not this becomes a man: but more,
  When old half-truths have falsehood grown,
To seek through all the great world's store,
  And make the living truth his own,
  Not heeding, though he walk alone,

As walk'd the men that found at first
  Those by-gone truths, no longer true—
Each like a traveler whom the thirst
  For home compels to hasten through
  The waste while yet the day is new,

Cheering his footsteps with a song,
  While round his slowly dying fire
Gather the apes in stupid throng,
  Unskill'd to fan or build it higher,
  And watch it fade with dull desire.

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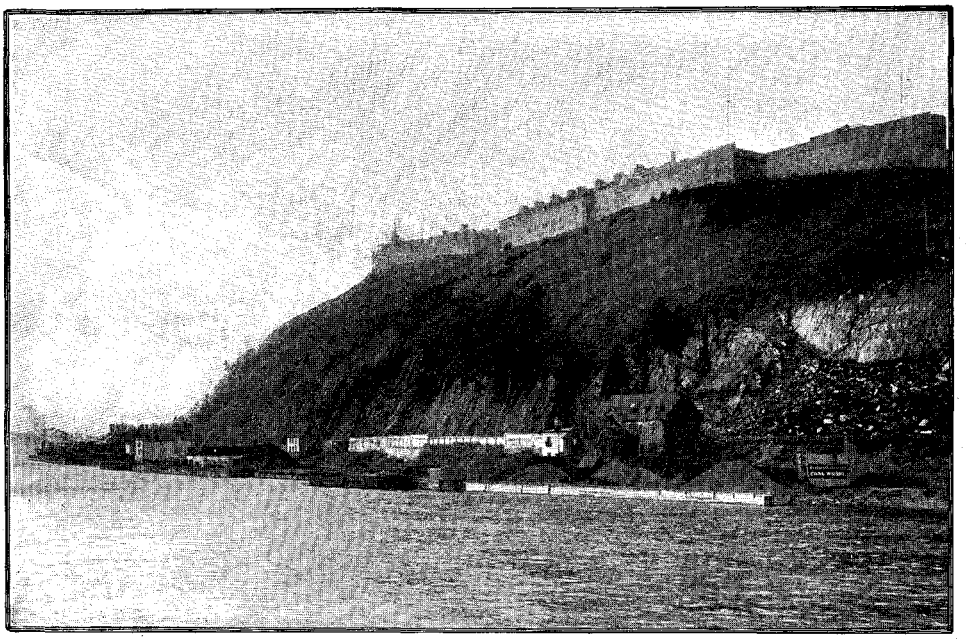

THE CITADEL

QUEBEC: THE CROWNED CITY

By Lillian W. Betts

Illustrated with photographs by William Notman

"I NEVER saw anything more superb than the position of this town. It could not be better situated as the future capital of a great empire," wrote the soldier-statesman Frontenac, when first he saw Quebec in 1672.

> She gleams above her granite throne;
> Her gray walls girt her ample zone;
> She queens the North, supreme, alone,

wrote one of our own poets.

The visitor to Quebec quotes soldier and poet, to find both inadequate, whether he views the city from the broad expanse of the St. Lawrence, the church-crowned heights of Levis, or the Laurentian hills. Language fails again when, from terrace and citadel within the walled city, or the steps of the Parliament House, or the ever-changing view from the Grande Allée in the outer city, he watches the play of sun and cloud over the glorious Laurentian mountains and the tiny farm-houses, like beads on a string, that follow the land-ripples at their feet. It is impossible to put into words the beauty of this scene, which of itself would kindle the imagination already aglow, as memory recalls the stories of heroism, of sacrifice, of horrors, that marked the years since Cartier planted the cross at the point of entrance to the beautiful river and celebrated mass on the shores not far beyond the spur over which the white veil of the Falls of Montmorency, with its iridescent fringe, drops into the turbulent waters at its base. Whether from within or without one views the quaint, old-time city, Quebec must always be the delight of even the travel-worn tourist.

Once in the city the visitor is impressed by the constantly recurring evidences of the past. The walls that are no longer a protection, with their ornate and dignified towers, turrets, and arches to mark the gates of the olden time, seem fitting companions of the saint-named streets, ever-recurring evidences of the unlearned pages of sacred history. History becomes vital in a city whose streets mark events, whose churches are the records of the steps of civilization on this continent. The cassock and the round-crowned hat of the

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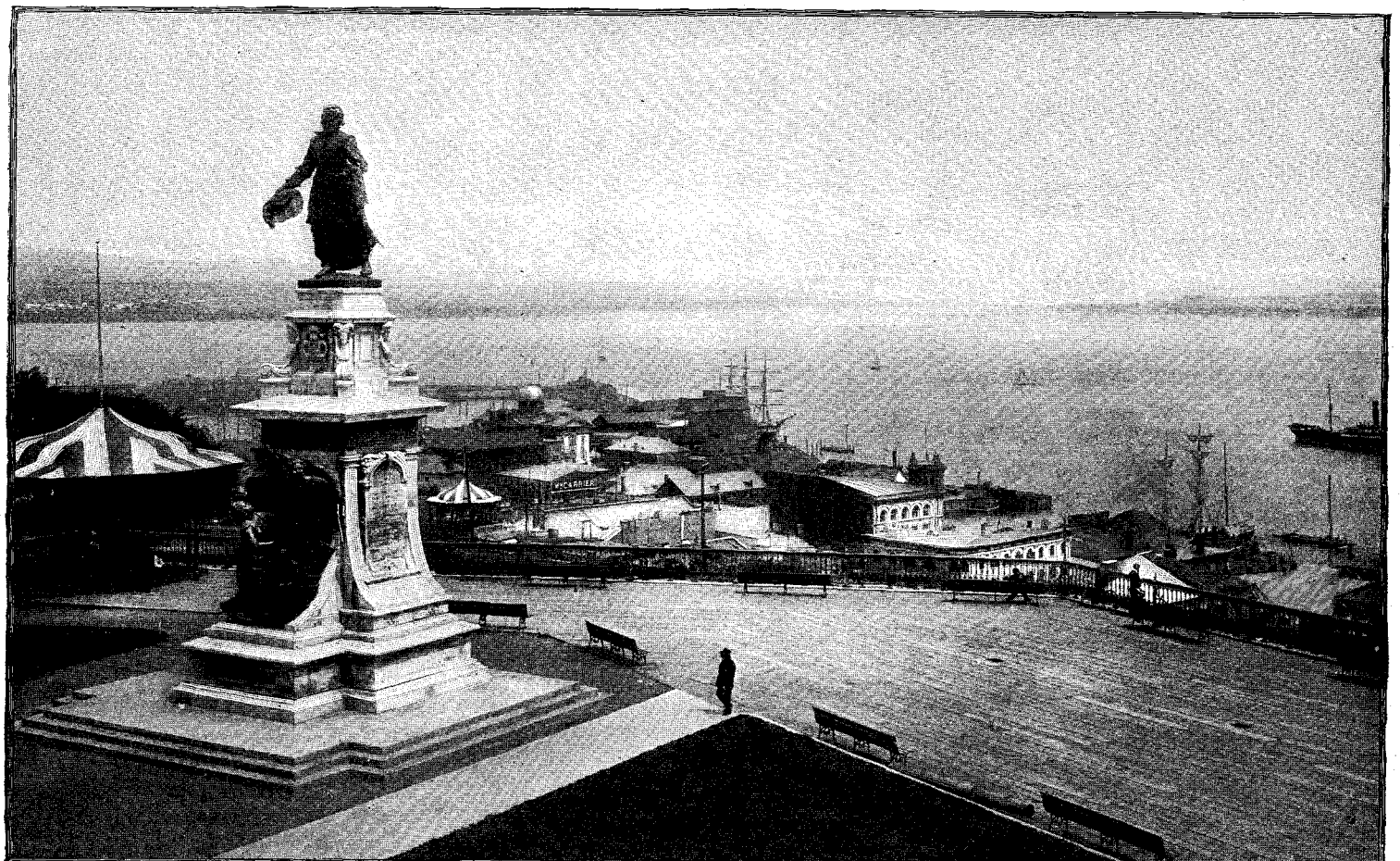

THE CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT AND VIEW FROM DUFFERIN TERRACE

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priest and brother, the white and black robed figures of women walking with downcast eyes from church to school, from convent to hospital, busily engaged in the vocation from which the world is viewed as a field of labor, but deepen the thought of the past, and make the present an intrusion in the inner city. One never ceases to be grateful that the Parliament House, with its modern systems and methods of government, lies outside the walls, in neighborly relation with the Grande Allée, that magnificent avenue, with its modern houses, its car-tracks, and its air of the present time.

Everywhere the church and its service give the dominant note to the city's life. On Sunday morning absolute quiet prevails. No sound is heard on the streets but the steps of the people, and even these, with the voices, are hushed to the quiet prevailing everywhere. No street-cars are running, and horses are used only to bring the people too feeble to walk to the churches of their choice. In the churches one is impressed by the simplicity of dress and the devoutness of the people. At the close of the morning service the cars begin to run; the city takes on an air of relaxation that is in no sense its manner during the six working days. For business is a serious matter, whether it be transacted in the old market-place where Champlain established the first settlement, in modern St. Roch's, or in the busy streets of the walled town above. Business everywhere is conducted with a courtesy that makes shopping an event of the day. The visitor accustomed to the ways of the modern world cannot at once adjust his mind to the quickness with which his attention is called to defects in his contemplated purchase, and to see it laid aside lest it should get back into box or case or shelf. Simplicity and honesty are the prevailing traits in this city set on a hill. Long does her light shine on the visitor trained to the more modern methods and systems of living.

It was All Saints' Day when the writer saw the sun rise on Quebec. We went through the entrancing streets, some broad and sunny, some steep and so narrow that two could not walk abreast, down steps of wood and iron into the lower town, following the streets under the overhanging crags, crowned by the citadel and the gray walls of the old fortifications, to find everywhere a Sunday quiet prevailed; the houses with windows far up in the roof peaks, with strange wooden passageways over the street, business and dwelling so closely related that it was difficult to tell one from the other at times, marked an old city. Here the swarthy Italian is taking possession and bringing the problems to Quebec that mark his advent everywhere. A little further on the street broadens; the windows bright with flowers and white curtains tell the story of the old civilization unbroken in its descent. The larger business house, the broadened street as one walks westward, tell of commerce and trade. But this touch of modern life is lost again as the quaint old-time dwellings nestling under the crags on one side, and with the old-time gardens of the houses on the riverside given over to shipping and storage, blot out the present, and one lives again in the past. Doors opening directly on the street reveal the simple, clean interiors; never are they lounging-places. The moss-grown lintels and roofs, with the tiny windows high in the peak, from which a well-dressed head appears now and then, cause the pedestrian to feel as though in a waking dream.

In spite of age and dilapidation, in spite of the poverty of the people everywhere evident, there is never the impression of degradation, of childhood robbed of its birthright of freedom and innocence. Many of the people in this section are Irish and Irish-Canadians, as well as French. The men are employed in the various lines of the shipping industry here located on the river. Small houses, old to be sure, rent at from three to eight dollars per month. Two houses modeled after the three-story, twenty-five-foot house familiar in the old residential section of New York, are here. At the second and third stories broad balconies overlook the St. Lawrence. The first and third floors rented for fifty dollars per year, the second for sixty. The sharp contrast between the standards of living of these people and those living on the water-fronts of New York engaged in like occupations must be due to the privacy secured in the houses, possible because of lower rentals, the light and air which give stronger physical vitality

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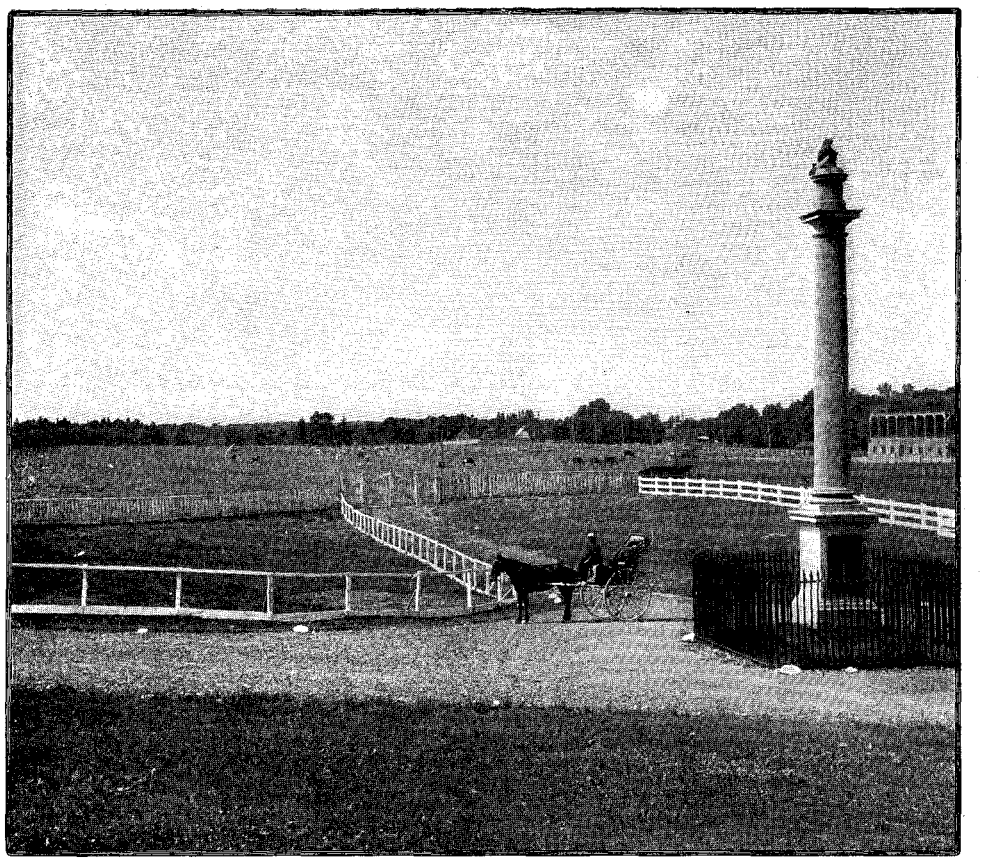

WHERE WOLFE DIED—THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

and consequent power of resistance, and the absence of saloons—though license to sell liquor in sealed bottles is given in Quebec to grocery-stores, a fact deplored by many wives and mothers. The church schools, with their positive teaching of morals and religion, without doubt influence child life. All of these influences tend to develop the gentleness and courtesy which are the natural expression of childhood when its environment is normal.

St. Roch's is the section where the French-Canadian working people are to be found in greatest numbers. The shoe-factories are located here, as well as other leading industries. The small house occupied by one family is still the rule. Sometimes these are wooden houses covered with tar paper. The effect is that of extreme poverty, but when the door opens cleanliness and comfort are revealed. The curtained windows of these houses often only half conceal the pretty, refined faces bending over some hand-work close to the window. The streets are not well cared for, the section is in the older part overcrowded, yet the atmosphere is never that of degraded poverty—poverty bereft of hope or sunk to animalism. Here churches with their schools abound; cassock and habit are in sight always.

The same system of school taxation prevails in Quebec as in Montreal. The Protestant schools are the Boys' High School and the Girls' High School. The Boys' High School has been endowed, and is under the control of a Board of Trustees, supervised by the Provincial Protestant Department of Education.

The Province of Quebec, for school purposes, outside of Quebec and Montreal, is divided into municipalities, the equivalent of our townships. Each municipality is divided into five panels. Each panel elects annually a school commissioner. These commissioners must consider the resources of the school funds from the Government and from fees, and

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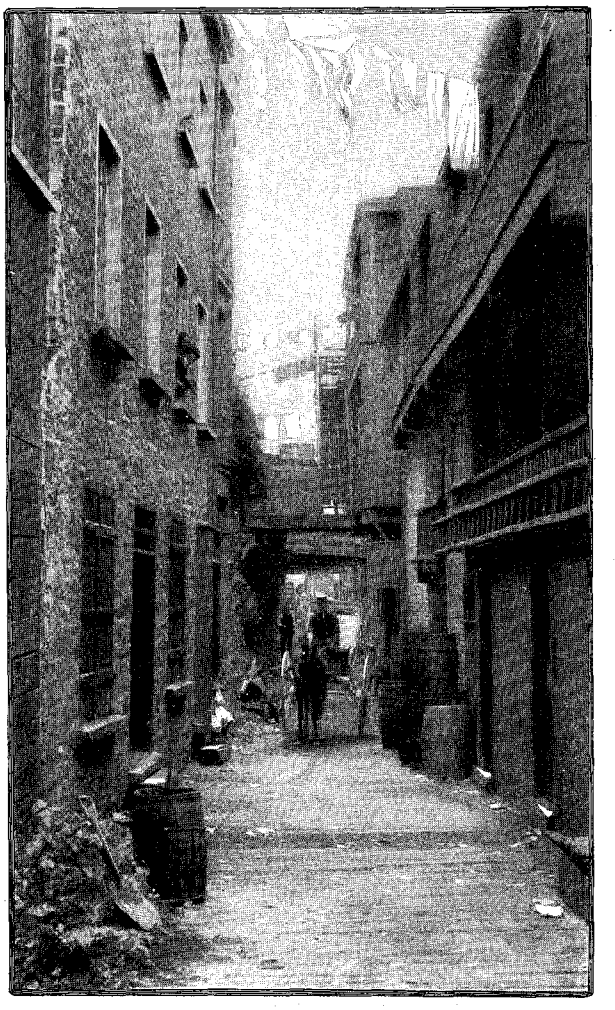
then decide how much more is necessary to support the schools; they levy and collect a school tax for this amount. Elected by a majority of the people of the parish, the commissioners establish French or English schools according to the majority they represent. The minority ratepayers may dissent. They elect a trustee after their right to dissent is recognized, who levies a tax on their property to support a school which represents their views and standards. The division is not recognized by the authorities as sectarian, but as one of language. It is claimed that it is not possible to secure teachers who have equal command of the English and French languages. In the province of Quebec six-sevenths of the people are French, five-sevenths French Roman Catholic. In the city of Quebec about eight-ninths of the population are Roman Catholic. The two Protestant schools named represent the Protestant ratepayers.

The attention of the visitor to Quebec is attracted on the streets by the numbers of boys and young men in a uniform of dark blue, the coat, even on smaller boys, a modified Prince Albert girted by a green sash, the cap a cossack. These are the pupils in the Laval University and the seminary, the largest and the oldest boys' school in the Province. Their tutors are often seen with them, and the spirit of *camaraderie* speaks well for the tutors, who are in orders, or preparing for orders, in the Roman Catholic Church.

Girls, even little girls, are never seen in large numbers on the streets. But they delight the eye wherever seen; whether on the beautiful Grande Allée or in the poorest section of the city, white aprons are the most conspicuous article of dress; even on Sunday these are worn, and they are distinguished often by hand embroidery on the material. One feels the home idea in this article of dress that is so rarely seen with us. These aprons are home-made, for the ready-made white garment sold in a department store is most unusual in Canada. The making of women's and children's garments is the peculiar business of ladies in both Montreal and Quebec, and the garments in stock in stores devoted wholly to this business are plain and limited in number.

The sweat-shop is as yet the producer of cloth garments and of furs. The workrooms in many establishments are badly lighted, badly ventilated, and the wages are very low. Thirty-five cents a day is about the average wages for hand-sewers in any industry. The stores are crowded with goods rather than shoppers; the art of display is unknown. The goods in sight are for use rather than show, and



SOUS-LE-CAP STREET

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the thousand useless accessories that tempt the woman of limited means, with us, are not in sight. One has the slowly dawning consciousness that style, to the women of Canada, is not of vital importance. This is particularly true of the wage-earning part of the community. The ever-recurring up-to-date silk waist is not a necessity to the women living on small incomes; children are most sensibly dressed; simple wool dresses covered by pretty white aprons and long coats on cold days are universal. One wonders whether the absence of self-consciousness in the children is not in a large measure due to the fact that the question of their appearance, beyond tidiness, is not of vital importance to those about them. The conspicuous hat, the dress designed to attract attention or arouse envy, are not worn by the working-girls in Canada. The poor do not impose unnecessary burdens on their own lives. A house of their own, good food, and clothes that are suited to the demands of work, church, and home, represent the standards of the Canadian women. No doubt this contributes largely to the quietness of manner, the good feeling, and the never-failing courtesy of the people everywhere to one another.

Business is conducted on a much more economical basis than with us; even expensive articles are sent home in baskets that are returned by the bearer, or in ordinary brown paper tied with cord. Candy of the best quality is delivered in Quebec to the buyer in a bag of brown paper twisted at the top. The Canadian buyer will not pay for boxes for which he has no use. It is interesting to note that in the list of industries of the Province box-making does not appear.

The labor laws and regulations of the Province of Quebec are clearly and concisely stated. The regulations governing the employment of women and children are admirable. In all industries classified as dangerous—and under this head dust-making industries are included—boys under sixteen and girls under eighteen are debarred. In other industries boys of twelve and girls of fourteen are admitted. They must present a certificate signed by a parent or tutor, or the written opinion of a physician, to the employer or his representative. The inspector may require a medical examination by one of the department physicians to decide the question of age or fitness, when in doubt about a child employed. Some of the large mill and factory owners have adopted the plan of compelling the room foreman to pay the fine imposed for employing children under age. This, the inspectors argue, is a decided step in advance in the protection of children. Ten hours a day is the maximum allowed by law for children and women, and these must begin and end between 6 A.M. and 9 P.M. In cases of emergency the inspectors may, for a limited period, give permission for seventy-two hours' work in the week, but the work must be done between the same hours. Each employer must furnish the inspector with a certificate from the health officer that his establishment meets the sanitary conditions imposed by law; he must also give to the inspector every year a certificate from the boiler or motor inspection department as to the condition of boilers, steam-pipes, etc.; a list of the names, the hours employed, and the kind of employment of every woman and child in his establishment. The inspectors may summon witnesses and administer the oath to them, in conducting inquiries into the conditions of industrial establishments; he can invoke the aid of the law to enforce his authority. In all cases the cost of inquiry must be paid by the employer, if his establishment is proved to be conducted in violation of the law. At all inquests held by coroners, or inquiries held by fire commissioners, the inspector may be present and examine witnesses. The hiding of a witness by an employer is punishable by fine and imprisonment. All plans for buildings designed for industrial establishments must be submitted to the Commissioner, as well as plans for alterations. The Commissioner and sanitary physicians are under the general control and direction of the Commissioner of Public Works, to whom they must submit yearly reports, and whenever called for by that Commissioner. This centralization of authority prevents friction between departments and sub-departments existing for a common end. Owner and tenants of industrial establishments are jointly held responsible for condition of fire-escapes. In the case of accident, the inspector must be notified within forty-eight hours. The law seems to be en-

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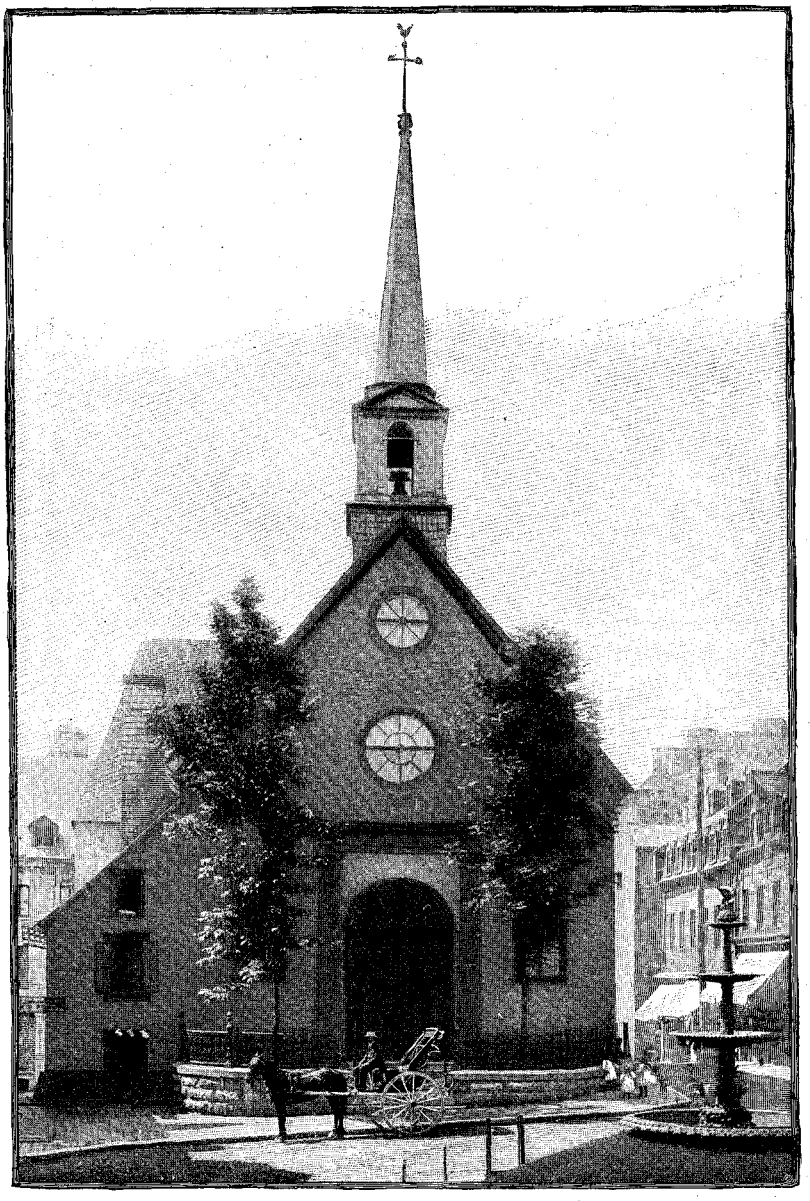

CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES, QUEBEC

Erected in 1690.

forced without friction. The employment of children under age gives trouble. The inspectors throughout the Province urge the raising of the age-limit of boys to fourteen and of girls to sixteen, and the making of an educational test; they claim that an alarming percentage of the children employed in Canada cannot read or write.

A holy day, an election day, and a gala day were crowded into those charming days in Quebec. The gala day was the return of thirty-three of the Canadian contingent from South Africa. The flags were flying and the people hurrying to the points of vantage early in the day. Never was a city better placed for such an occasion. It must have thrilled the hearts of the men to have seen the city with its waiting crowds on the Battery and Terrace waving flags and handkerchiefs, while a lower tier lined the wharfs on the

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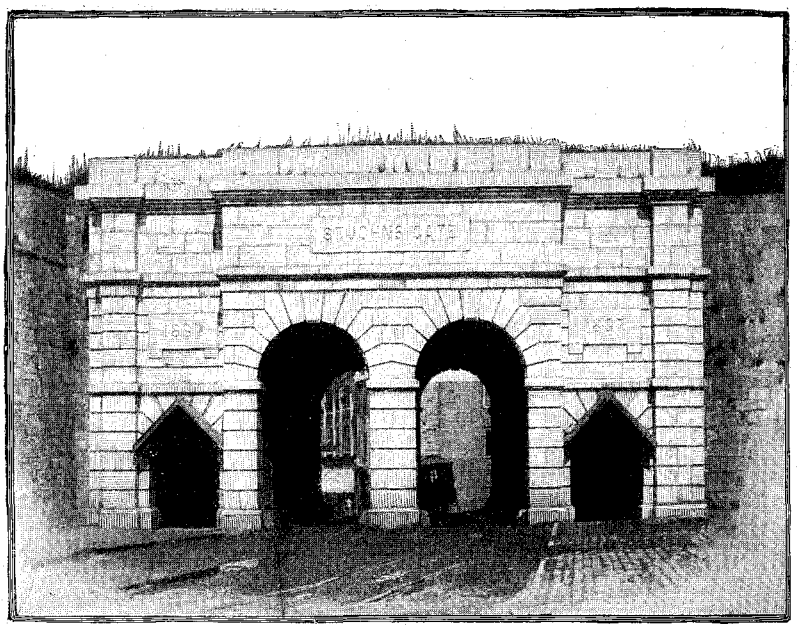

ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC

river front below. "The Soldiers of the Queen" stood immovable for an hour until they broke rank to grasp the hands of their comrades, whose faces had been eagerly looked for as the little boat crossed the river from Levis, its band playing "Home, Sweet Home." The melody was caught up by the band on the wharf, as the hawser was thrown to waiting hands. One felt the throb of loyal hearts as the well-known song was wafted on the air. It was the touch of nature that revealed the kinship of men. The returning soldiers were caught by the waiting comrades and tossed in the air, and caught again and again with shouts and with laughter that was half tears, for all had not returned and every absent soldier was not expected back. Still, joy and patriotism ruled, and glad feet kept step and hearts kept time to the catching melody of "The Soldiers of the Queen." The English soldier steps quickly. In an incredibly short time the procession was crossing the Square, long the site of the Jesuit Barrack in the upper town. Here an incident occurred which was typical. A small boy was put by his mother in the front of the crowd with the request to a perfect stranger "to please watch him." The little chap was frightened by the prancing military horses and began to cry. A soldier leaned far from his saddle, saying, "There, there, don't be frightened; my horse would not step on a fly." The mother, discovering the tears, picked the small boy up, saying lovingly, "Now I'm quite ashamed of you. You'll never fight for the Queen like your daddy in South Africa, I fear." Those that stood nearest saw the tears in her eyes that had not crept into her voice. Later she whispered to a stranger, "There has been a bad accident; several people are hurt. It occurred just around the corner; a balcony fell." At once it was realized that etiquette demanded composure and silence. Not a person had moved toward the scene of the accident. When the soldiers had passed, there was the sound of a bell down the street. There drove rapidly into sight a covered wagon with a low-hanging body, having a large pane of glass in its wooden sides. On the front seat sat a driver, and a policeman ringing a big brass bell. In less than half an hour it drove back rapidly, but with no pushing, hurrying, curious crowd following. The deepest sympathy was apparent; audible and visible signs of prayers for the sufferers were to be seen on every side. There was no sound of the bell; it was unnecessary; right of way to the ambulance was given.

The next day, Sunday, witnessed the welcoming home of Father O'Leary, the Roman Catholic chaplain to the Canadian

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contingent. This was a demonstration of citizens to a man who had earned the title of hero and the gratitude of a people. The Bishop of the English Cathedral, at the thanksgiving service held for the Protestant soldiers, paid a tribute to Father O'Leary that was also a tribute, all unconsciously, to his own nobility. At this service the congregation and soldiers joined in singing the Te Deum with such fervor and feeling as to arouse emotions that could not be stirred by the most gifted choir.

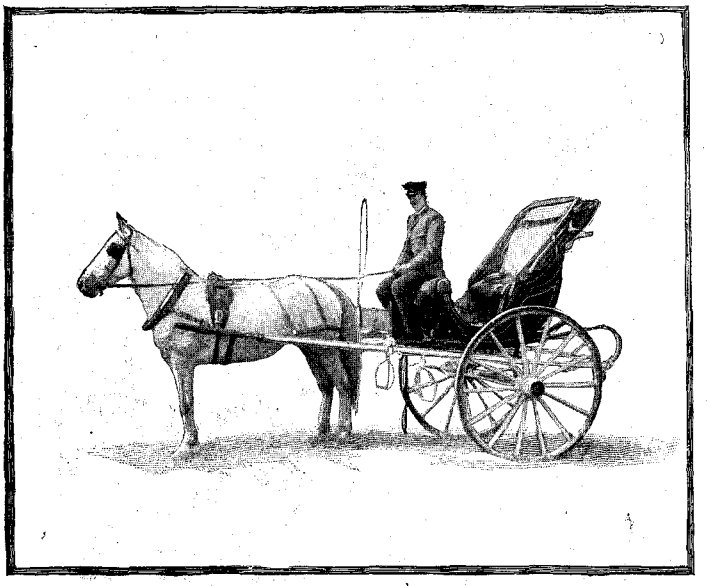
The Roman Catholic Church, with its hundreds of nuns, brothers, and priests, naturally maintains every asylum that is needed for the care of its sick, afflicted, or dependent, as well as schools.

The Protestants, when numbers and resources are considered, are equally active, and generous to a degree. The Woman's Christian Association performs a twofold service, maintaining a boarding department for working-girls and an Old Ladies' Home. It also provides classes to meet the special needs of the Protestant working-girls of the city.

The American walking along the ancient street under the frowning crags, with memory thoroughly awake to the great historic events that have taken place near by, blushes as his eye rests far up the heights on the dilapidated wooden tablet that marks the spot where Montgomery fell that bleak morning in December, 1775. But his heart responds in gratitude when he remembers that even this tablet, from which half the letters have fallen, would not be there were it not for Irish residents on the narrow street, who gave the money.

Quebec cannot be compared to any other city. She has a character wholly her own. One feels that Quebec is in the world but not of it. Her suburbs are French villages that belong to another time. The *habitant* comes to the market with the product of farm, of barnyard, and of loom. The market-places do not resound to the tap of his wooden shoe; the comfort of leather is known. He is in the market-place—more truly *she* is there, the past best preserved in the old market-place in the lower town where Champlain first cleared the ground. Here the yarn, the stockings, the coarse woven cloth, the baskets, mark the busy hours of the housewife. She has changed her dress but not her habits of thrift, of industry, her shrewdness, her language, or her religion. She comes from the villages lying at the foot of the hills, bordering the river, from the tiny houses with their gay roofs sheltering a simple, honest folk.

Above them, brooding over them, is the city whose bells ring out the call to prayer,



A QUEBEC CALÈCHE

for which the bells in spire or turret in the villages and on hill-tops seem waiting.

One quotes again and again:

Is it the clang of wild geese,
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the North Wind
The tone of a far-off bell?

The voyager smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface—

The bells of the Roman mission
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatmen on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

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KING ALFRED

From the statue by J. Scott Hartley on the Appellate Court Building of New York.
Photograph copyrighted by Curtis & Cameron.

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The Heritage of King Alfred

By Sir Walter Besant

IF we consider the various forces which act upon a people and mold its character, we shall have to pass in review the influences of race, of climate and situation, of trade, of religion, of literature, and of law and institutions. Every one of these forces has to be considered separately and in relation to all the others. And the most important of all would undoubtedly prove to be the influence of laws and institutions. For their force is always with us; it surrounds us from the cradle; it colors the atmosphere for us; it leads the mind insensibly into certain grooves. It would be, for instance, an instructive task to marshal in order the leading principles and the common laws which prevail among the nations of the Anglo-Celtic race—those of the United States, of Canada, of the Three Kingdoms, and of Australasia; to compare them, point by point, with the corresponding institutions of France. From such a comparison the conclusion would be inevitable that the average Frenchman must differ widely from the average American or Englishman, while the identity of principles and laws would argue of necessity a certain similarity of mind between the American and the Englishman on the broader issues and questions of order, religion, and morality. It is for this reason that I invite a brief consideration of the work of that King whose name will always live, in the hearts of those who speak our language and have inherited our freedom, as that of the one blameless king in our history; the great heroic figure of our Saxon forefathers; the very type of our race at its best and noblest—

Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it.
We know him now; we see him as he moved;
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise;
With what sublime repression of himself
. . . through all his tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.

[1] As many of our readers probably know, the year 1901 is the thousandth since King Alfred's death. The anniversary will be observed in November next with public addresses and memorials in England, and probably also by Americans, who are certainly equal sharers in the heritage about which Sir Walter Besant here writes so earnestly.—THE EDITORS.

You have read in books the broad facts of his life: the nine years' struggle; the nine years' battle; the overthrow and ruin that seemed complete; the sudden upspringing, as of the strong man restored by contact with the earth, and the rout of the invader. It is a wonderful story; next to the miracle wrought by Joan of Arc there is no more wonderful episode in history. Out of the dust and ashes of the devastated land; out of the country from which bishops, priests, and monks had fled; which even the Saints had abandoned; where the old pagan gods were restored—out of a people enslaved and spiritless, Alfred raised an army, filled it with new confidence, and led it to victory. Remember that the Saxon kings not only led their armies, but fought in the very forefront. Alfred was no mild scholar and studious lawgiver; he braved death on every battlefield, and with his own battle-ax and his own example he fought like any common soldier, as St. Edmund fought for the Anglicans against the Danes, and as Harold fought the Normans at Senlac. He was, first and above all, a soldier. In those days no king could keep throne and crown who was not, first and above all, a soldier.

But what about his heritage? What did he bequeath?

First as a soldier. It has been pointed out by Sir Frederick Pollock that Alfred laid the foundation of our military system, and in place of tribal levies, which could be kept together only for a short time, made distinct provision for a field army, garrisons, and reserves. As regards the navy, he created it. The Saxons had lost their old seamanship; they had forgotten the art of ship-building. Alfred perceived that he must meet the Danes on their own element and fight them with ships before they were able to land. He gave the nation its fleet; he taught them the great lesson that the safety of an island must be found in a fleet. The navy of our country has had a checkered history; there have been times of humiliation, but never since Alfred launched his ships for the protection of

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the Channel has the country forgotten that lesson. The fleets which bear the flags of our race are the heritage of King Alfred.

He saw the importance of London, a seaport far inland, upon a tidal river, the true center of the country for trade and for defense. It was ruined; its quays were deserted; there were no merchants in the port; the walls were broken down; there were no citizens except the miserable slaves of the Danes, who had occupied the city for twelve years. He drove them out; he repaired the walls; he placed the city in charge of Ethelred, his son-in-law, and his daughter, the noble Lady of the Mercians; he made of London an impregnable fortress, and he invited the merchants to return, assured of safety within its walls. When we think of the part that London has played in the national history; when we consider that every municipality all over the English-speaking world, with its mayor, aldermen, common councilors, and officers, is the direct descendant of the municipality of London, we may acknowledge that this part of Alfred's heritage was valuable indeed.

The land was stripped of the churches and monasteries and schools; of its bishops, priests, monks, and scholars. The people were, one and all, illiterate. Alfred brought priests over from France; invited the greatest scholars of western Europe, such as Grimbald and John Scotus, to his court, and restored the Christian faith, with all that it meant. Now, the Church in the ninth century was the one—the only—power which made steadily for peace, law, order, and learning. We are apt to speak and to think of the Church as if it were always in the sixteenth century, crystallized like the shrine of one of its own Saints, set with jewels and glittering with gold, but within a heap of dry bones. It was not so in the Church of Alfred's time. The Church was always in advance of the people; if the priests had little knowledge, they knew more than the people; if their lives were not always saintly, they were a standing admonition to those whose lives were violent and drunken and shameful. Had it not been for Alfred, the conversion of England would have been still to do, for the third time; the paganism of the Danes would have spread over the whole country, to be attacked and destroyed at one knows not how great a price of missionary effort and martyrdom. Part of the heritage of Alfred is the Christian Church.

In connection with the Church was his attempt at universal education. It is strange that Alfred's dream should have had to wait in England for nearly a thousand years. It is only thirty years since the English brain was able to persuade itself that safety, not to speak of justice and equal rights, lies in the education of the whole people. This doctrine, though we knew it not, was part of Alfred's heritage. "My desire," said the King, "is that all the free-born youths of my people may persevere in learning until they can read perfectly the English Scriptures."

In an island there is always danger of isolation and separation from the rest of the world. Alfred foresaw this danger and guarded against it, making use of the Church especially in renewing and maintaining relations with the rest of the world. He sent an embassy every year to Rome; he brought over every year merchants and scholars and craftsmen; he ennobled any who made three voyages to the Mediterranean; and he did his best to awaken, in the minds of folk sluggish through ignorance and temperament, the spirit of adventure and enterprise.

The chief monument of Alfred's reign is, perhaps, his code of law. I do not claim for him that he was the creator of English law; the laws of Wessex were based on older laws and customs which Alfred revised and amended to suit the conditions of his own time. He says, "I, King Alfred, gathered all this together, and bade write it down: much of the dooms that our forerunners held by, such as liked me well; and many of them which misliked me, I put away with my witan's advice, and bade men observe in other manner." The great honor and glory of Alfred's lawgiving must be ascribed to the fact that he was wise enough to amend old laws or to make new, in accordance with the national character. He did not impose new and strange laws; he recognized the truth that laws, to be beneficial, must be in harmony with the mind of the people for whom they are designed. The pages of history are black with enact-

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ments and ordinances in opposition to the mind of the people, which therefore failed to be observed or to secure their object. Alfred laid down two principles: first, that justice was the right of every one, rich or poor; and, next, that the laws of men must be in accordance with the laws of God. He therefore prefixed to his "dooms" large extracts from the Book of Exodus. These extracts he followed by the short epistle in the Acts of the Apostles on the duty of Christians, ending with the precept from St. Matthew, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Still further to connect his system of justice with religion, and in order to show that the Church desires justice above all things, he connected the sentence of the judge with the penance of the Church. It was necessary at that time—as it is at all times—to make the people realize that the Church is more than a creed, and that an offense against the laws of man was also, so righteous were the laws of Wessex, an offense against the law of God. There are certain lines by Rudyard Kipling that I have elsewhere applied to Alfred:

Keep ye the law: be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil; drive the road and bridge the ford;
Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown:
By the Peace among our peoples let men know we serve the Lord!

The spirit of this legislation, the deference to the people, the subjection of human to divine law, the resolution to provide for equal justice—these things were based, I say, on the national character which they sustained and raised. When William mounted the throne, two hundred years later, it was with the promise to maintain the ancient laws—those called after Edward the Confessor, which were those of Alfred; and in every successive charter the ancient laws and customs were safeguarded and pledged.

One more portion of the heritage remains. How far Alfred was a scholar is doubtful; but he was undoubtedly a writer. He collected and preserved the ancient poetry and the old legends. Christian king though he was, his imagination loved the legends of the ancient gods, his ancestors; he had the old poetry sung in his court; it is said that he could himself sing to the music of his own harp. He did more than preserve the poetry; he began the prose. Alfred is the father of English prose literature. He presented his works in translation. His method, probably, or possibly—we do not know—was to have a passage rendered into literal English. He then turned it, with many additions, observations, and original thoughts. He did this with the work of Boethius on the "Consolation of Philosophy." He gave a translation, indeed, of the book, but he added his opinions and new theories as to government and the duties of a king, as to the proper proportion of the different classes for maintaining the efficiency of the nation; he taught that every man was to be regarded as an actual, not a possible, instrument or weapon for the advancement or the defense of the country; and he held that it was the duty of a king to select the best instruments and to use them to the best advantage. If kingcraft after Alfred's teaching had been possible, what a world should we now see around us! And he speaks of himself with pardonable satisfaction. "This," he says, "I can now truly say: that so long as I have lived I have striven to work worthily; and after my death to leave my memory to my descendants in good works."

The creation of a navy; the government by advice of the wise; trial by our peers; equal justice for rich and poor; the harmony of our law with the law of God; education for all; the foundation of English prose; the encouragement of scholarship, enterprise, and the arts—is not this a noble heritage? And is there any part of it which is not shared by every soul born to our language and to our laws?

London, England.

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Giuseppe Verdi

By Roberto Lazzari

VERDI had both genius and a noble character. To this happy union he owes his fame.

Giuseppe Verdi, the humble son of a poor peasant farmer, was born in 1813, in one of a cluster of little houses called "Le Roncole," situated a few miles from the town of Bussetto, near Parma, in North Italy. When he was seven years old, his father sent him to the Bussetto public school, where, though he applied himself with a will to study, he soon showed an irresistible inclination for music. After a while, the father, yielding to the plea of his son, consented to give him the advantage of lessons in music from the organist of the church of Bussetto, who was also something of an authority in counterpoint. The elder Verdi also bought for his son an old spinet. Thus the boy began his beloved occupation. He was then eight years old. All the time to be had outside of his school hours was employed in music and in reading. It may be added that, after music, reading was the passion of his life.

In the house of a Bussetto merchant, one Antonio Barezzi, there was often heard a deal of good music, and the young Verdi did not fail to go thither frequently to stand under the windows and listen. The continuance of this act did not escape Barezzi's notice. One day he beckoned to the boy and said to him, "Why are you standing there so still?" "I play also," responded Verdi, "and it is such a pleasure to hear others play." Encouraged by the intelligent and charming attitude of the boy, Barezzi invited him to come inside, and from that moment, delighted with his wonderful comprehension of music and his lovely and lovable character, began to regard him almost as a son.

At seventeen years of age Verdi had finished his course at the Bussetto school, and was now to go to Parma for his university studies. His father, however, could not afford to send him thither. There was no other alternative for the young man than to till the ground as his father had done, or to seek some other way of livelihood so that he might continue his own education. In order to go to Milan, then the most important center of music, he applied to one of the endowment funds for young men controlled by the Bussetto Municipal Pawnshop, and was successful. The portion of the endowment which he received was a small matter—twenty-five lire (five dollars) a month. The good Barezzi, therefore, took upon himself to contribute something towards the young man's expenses, so that the latter might have enough to keep the wolf from the door. At that time Verdi's baggage consisted of a few clothes, much courage, and some musical compositions.

He presented himself at the Milan Conservatory of Music. Strange to say, the professor in charge, after having placed Verdi at the piano, and after having examined his compositions, gravely declared the young man to be inept; hence he could not be admitted to the Conservatory. Human judgment often errs, said Ariosto, and Verdi, ever the unwearied reader of that great poet, undoubtedly often thought of the justice of the quotation. Nothing more discouraging could happen to the young man than to see the door of the Conservatory irrevocably closed in his face. Nevertheless, no matter how hard the unexpected blow, he did not permit himself to be prostrated by it, but, lending a willing ear to the counsel of a friend, began to study privately under the direction of the master Lavigna. For three years he existed in a poor little room, spending only what was necessary to keep soul and body together. With increasing fervor and surprising tenacity he consecrated himself to the study of counterpoint, composition, and orchestration. His recreations were found in the reading of the classics and of the Bible.

At the end of this period the organist of the Bussetto church died, and Verdi was offered his post. He accepted it and returned to his own community. Aside from presiding at the organ, he was compelled to give music lessons, and this latter labor, though contrary to his notions

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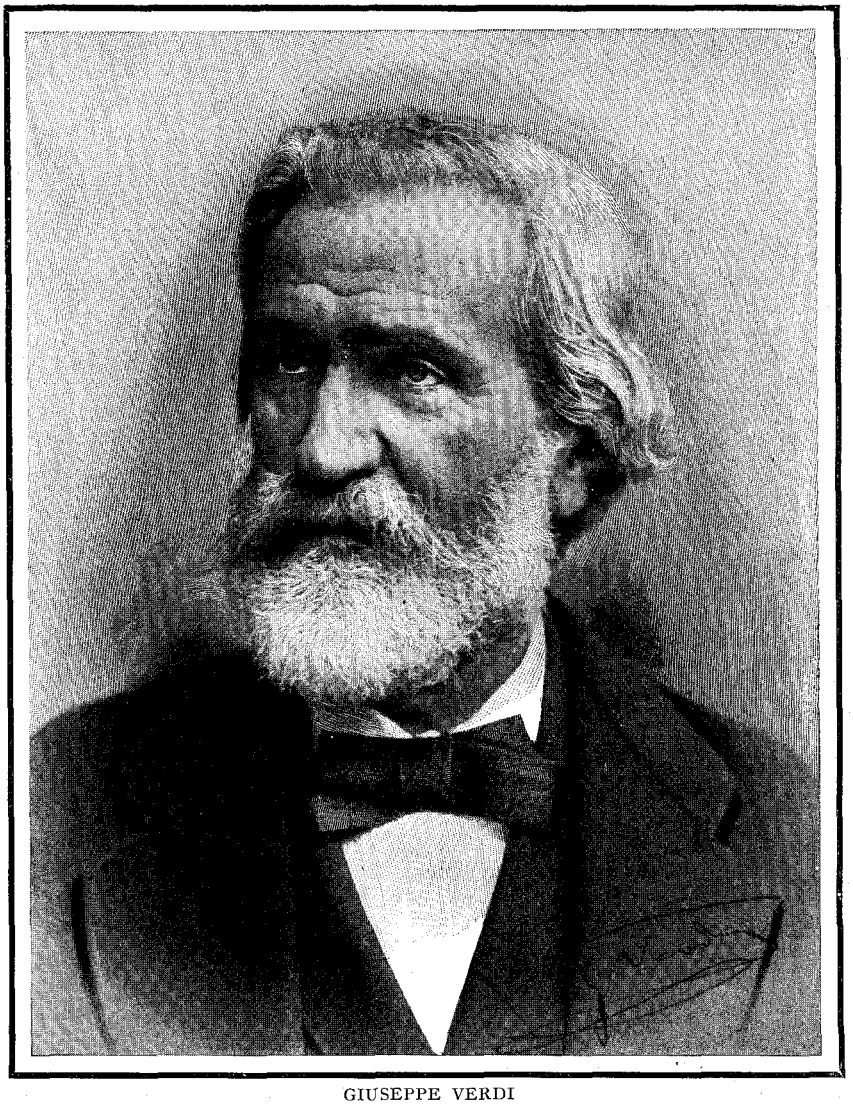

GIUSEPPE VERDI

of what he wanted to do, was discharged always with conscientiousness. Later he married the daughter of the protector who had been more than friend to him.

At the beginning of 1839, having saved about a thousand lire (two hundred dollars) from his meager stipend, Verdi decided to return to Milan, hoping to succeed in the effort to have an opera performed. He had written this opera during his years as organist at Bussetto. The project was not an easy one to carry out, but in the end the opera was put on the stage. "Oberto," if not a success, was, on the other hand, not a failure. The opera was brought out at the Scala Theater in Milan, and was sufficiently significant to induce the impresario, Merelli, who had already noted the promising qualities of the young composer, to ask him to write three operas, one of which should be a comic opera. Merelli wished to present these works to the public the following year.

Unfortunately, Verdi was struck down by illness, but as soon as he began to get well commenced to write. An infinitely crushing sorrow, however, came, first, in the illness and death of his two sons, and, second, in the death of his wife. From their bereavement Signora Verdi had never rallied, and, being attacked by congestion of the brain, followed her children to the grave. With his soul torn by affliction,

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and every force prostrated by the crushing out of the tenderest ties of life—it was at this terrible juncture that Verdi was called upon to write a comic opera!

It was a duty, however, and must be met. Verdi wrote the opera, and the following autumn, as Merelli had requested, it was presented to that inexorable judge whom we know as "the public." That public pronounced a sentence of death upon the work; it was hissed off the stage. On the morrow Verdi went to Merelli and asked him to release him from his engagements. Merelli consented, but reminded Verdi that whenever he wished to renew the contract he would find a favorable reception. The young composer's life was now more than ever solitary. If, finally, he conquered his isolation and his inertia, it was due to a fortuitous circumstance. Merelli had asked the composer Nicolai to write the music for a libretto entitled "Nabucco," but Nicolai had declined. Happening to meet Verdi one day, Merelli told him about the circumstance and begged him to assume the work which Nicolai had refused to do. When Verdi got home, it was late and he went to bed, but before putting out the light he thought he would glance over a page of the libretto. Fortunately, his eye fell upon that scene in the third act in which the enslaved Hebrews were to sing a chorus. This situation suddenly struck the fancy of the young composer. He saw in the fate of the Hebrews a similar circumstance to the unhappy condition of his own country, at that time oppressed by the foreigner. He was not able to close his eyes the entire night, so much was he overmastered by the idea of the chorus struggling for life within him.

The next day he went to Merelli's house to return the manuscript.

"Well, what do you think of the libretto?" asked the impresario. "Capital," replied Verdi. "Take it, then, and turn it into music," rejoined Merelli; but as Verdi was apparently not quite decided to do so, Merelli cut the matter short by putting the manuscript into the composer's pocket and thrusting him out of the door. In three months the opera was written, and in March, 1842, Verdi obtained his first triumph at the Scala Theater. The now famous chorus of the third act was immediately understood by the public. Electrified by such music, the auditors broke into long-continued applause. "Nabucco" was the signal for Verdian triumphs which from that time advanced in increasing scale.

Verdi was a true patriot. Knowing the power which music exercised over his countrymen, he determined from the first that his genius should serve to keep alive among them the sacred fire of liberty. "I Lombardi," "Ernani," "Attila," "Giovanna d'Arco," "La Battaglia di Legnano," "I Vespri Siciliani," are all of them operas which, whether by patriotic subject-matter or by their clever allusions, caused spirited exhibitions of love of country whenever they were presented in Italian theaters. These manifestations were generally repressed by the Austrian police, sometimes with bloody results, always with the prison as a penalty. If the Austrian censors could mutilate the libretti of Verdi's operas (substituting, for instance, for the word "liberty" the word "loyalty"), they were powerless to change the music. Indeed, for many years they were ignorant of what the cry "Viva Verdi" really meant, and permitted it to be used, to the great glee of the people. Finally the Austrians discovered the double meaning. By a happy and mysterious combination of fate, the name Verdi contains in itself the initial letters of the name of that monarch in whom united Italy had placed its hope. Acclaiming Verdi, Italians thereby acclaimed also "Vittorio Emanuele Re D'Italia."

If, by the force of will, Verdi had arrived at his first triumph, neither that triumph nor its successors ever intoxicated him. Amidst the plaudits of the public on the one hand, and, on the other, the attacks of destructive critics, Verdi imperturbably pursued the even tenor of his way. His own will-power reveals to us his genius as could nothing else. This, coupled with a true modesty and a profound love of art, not only preserved that genius, but made it vividly manifest in all its various forms. He never considered the possibility of resting on his laurels. He always felt that he could do better than he had done, and that he must do better. He followed this maxim to the end.

He now met a woman of great artistic worth, who, by spiritual nature and

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exquisite culture as well, was fit to be his mate. Giuseppina Strepponi left the stage for him and became his wife.

In the year 1867 Verdi lost his faithful friend and second father, Antonio Barezzi. The last words of Barezzi were, "My Verdi, my Verdi!" In the adjoining room Verdi had a short time before played for his dying friend, and this playing had comforted both; they went back with ears and soul to the Hebrew chorus and to its deeper meaning of an Italian cry for a lost Fatherland long since regained.

Verdi's outer life never gave a false impression of his inner life. He was a man of simple tastes, of affable and generous nature, one who knew not envy, who was never tormented by jealousy. Conscious of his own merit, he recognized and appreciated that of others. He loved, with an immense love, nature, tranquillity, study, work. He always preferred to study on rainy days, while he found in days full of sun and serenity a greater inspiration for his writing.

He was a sincere admirer of Palestrina, and would repeat to the young composers who sought counsel of him, "Study the antique. Let us return to the antique."

Nor was he ever tired of reading the classics—chief among the Italians, Dante and Ariosto, and, among foreigners, Shakespeare, Schiller, and Goethe. He was a capital critic of painting, and, after the greatest names, thought specially well of Correggio and Guido Reni.

A part of every year he spent at Genoa in the palace which once belonged to the great Admiral Andrea Doria. From this palace Verdi could see the harbor and the distant horizon of the Mediterranean—a blue line which he loved. The rest of the year he spent at his villa near Busseto, where he devoted himself largely to farming. He took a keen delight in this labor.

The wealth acquired by his genius was spent by him in good works. At Busseto, for instance, he founded a hospital, and near Milan a splendid home for indigent artists whose age did not permit longer labor. It is fitting that in this home the remains of the grand man were deposited, venerated by all who love art and country. Born poor, of simple life, he wished that the same simplicity which had characterized his life should accompany his body to its last resting-place, and these wishes were respected.

The Italian Government, interpreting the will of the nation, had long since conferred upon Verdi the dignity of a life-senatorship. It has now fulfilled another duty to be acclaimed with applause by all. It decrees that the little hut in which the great master was born shall be a national monument.

Verdi's music may be divided into three different periods, each one of which follows an ascending scale and brings a clear picture of the age in which it had its origin. The first period carries us from "Oberto" to "Stifellio;" the second, from "Rigoletto" to "Don Carlos;" the third, from "Aïda" to "Falstaff." The first period may be distinguished by a certain energy of passion quite in contrast to the morbidness of Bellini and the artificial elegances of Rossini. The change acted healthfully upon the public, and stimulated its critical opinion. The second period was one of yet greater accuracy and refinement. It was a period in which we owe that splendid quartet in "Rigoletto," where tragedy and comedy, well divided, still offer to us a marvelous ensemble. There are in it the cries of rage and of grief, groans and maledictions, gay laughter, the sound of false kisses and trivial playfulness. "A wonderful art!" exclaimed Blaze de Bury, "which made out of this scene, so powerful from a dramatic point of view, a thing irresistibly beautiful from the point of the absolutely ideal in music."

Finally, the third and greatest period was one in which Verdi surprised the world, displaying new energy. He modernized himself and his work without copying any one; yes, without losing an atom of his own individuality. He showed a youthful vigor united to the profound experience of age. "Aïda," the "Requiem Mass," "Otello," and "Falstaff" are masterpieces, and will be more and more appreciated; yet these masterpieces were produced by the genius of a man between eighty and ninety years of age!

We shall know soon whether he left other works which have not yet seen the light. It is rumored that among these there are some sacred pieces, a cantata, and other manuscripts, but nothing is as yet known positively.

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The Major and a Peg Leg

By Henry Seidel Canby

THE Major was limping up and down the smoking-room, pining for action, pining for excitement, craving any relief from a surfeit of idleness. It was the fifth day from Boulogne. The sea without ran in smooth, lazy billows; the decks of the steamer presented no more inspiring spectacle than some dozens of sleepers each stretched on his steamer chair; even the haven of the smoking-room was still as Lethe, and empty save for a novel-reader in the corner and the voyage-long game of whist at the center table. Both of these occupations the Major abhorred. By the life-rafts the three Baptist pastors played a sleepy game of ring-peg; a couple, as usual, occupied a lifeboat; dreamers hung over the rail, watching the blue waves of the Gulf Stream lapping homeward, one after another to the horizon. The Major felt himself disgusted. Was all the world in a coma, a stupor, and the sun still high on a glorious day? As for himself, although a dozen campaigns had worn him a bit, rather would he tell a tale of a good fight, with great pounding of fists and a cheerful glow on his scarred face, than lead such a life of rest in peace.

There was no action upon the quarter-deck, but a hopeful sound of jollity came from another direction. Walking that way, he found himself looking down upon the steerage quarters and a multitude of humanity. Here was much sleep, but plenty of life as well; children ran, clambered, crawled everywhere, talking in the great common language of babyhood. Slav women, booted to the knees, sat wondering, always wondering, at the sea they had never seen before; flat-capped Greeks smoked sleepily; the more prosaic Irish and Germans squabbled for the sunny places, and a dozen races found places on one deck. Just beneath the Major was a steamer-chair, the only one in the steerage, and upon it a thin-faced girl, who in all the tumult seemed strangely quiet, strangely delicate. They called her the bride in the first cabin, for no reason except the interest which her wan face inspired, demanding a romance and a name. The Major, however, was neither imaginative nor closely observant, but he saw beside her the old Frenchman, her father, so they said, wooden-legged, seamy-faced, a man with a palpable history about him. Even from the height of the first cabin the Major perceived a kindred spirit and determined upon an advance into the stranger's country.

It must not be imagined that the Major, a veteran of twelve campaigns, was a ridiculous martinet. His face had as many kindly wrinkles as martial scars, and could command your obedience or your admiration with equal facility. Long experience and an active life had endowed him with the manners of a diplomat and an assured touch upon human nature. When he came suddenly upon some Poles squatted by the gangway door, an involuntary movement passed through the group, and when he threaded the crowd and came to the steamer-chair the Frenchman rose and saluted.

"Do you speak English, comrade?" asked the Major, returning it.

"Yes, Colonel," said the old man, highly pleased. "I have served in the American wars."

The Major sat himself upon a hatchway and slapped his knee. "Good!" cried he, "we will have a talk about them. I am sick to death of the fools above there who know nothing but cards and stories. But Major, if you please, comrade."

"I was Sergeant at Gettysburg," rejoined the soldier, "and again at Sarrebruck and at Sedan."

The Major slapped his other knee. "Excellent," he cried. "Now, at Sedan, perhaps you can tell me—but, pardon, sir, your daughter?"

The Frenchman flushed with pleasure at the honor of this attention. "My girl, Clotilde," he stammered. "I thank your honor."

The Major bowed with careful courtesy. "I thank you, Monsieur," the girl murmured. "It is to me a great pleasure."

The old officer discovered a sudden interest in this frail creature with so sweet

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a voice and so delicate a face among her rough surroundings.

"We were French Canadians," said the soldier. "Baroque is my name. I am in Vermont in '61, so it was that I fought in the wars. In Vermont Clotilde was born."

"Ah, but Gettysburg!" cried the Major, his eyes flashing with old reminiscence. "Were you perchance on the hill on the third day when we came up with Pickett from the South and saw your guns shining up there rank on rank?"

Sergeant Baroque brought his wooden leg with a bang to the deck. "Second corps on the right," cried he; "we held the front rank, but by the last charge there were scarcely enough for a line—but your honor—was Confederate?"

"With Pickett," the Major said, a little stiffly. "But, man!" he cried, "it was your corps that we charged. Do you remember how we came up the hill for the first time, running and cheering—and your bayonets looked like a hedge, and, gad! what a thunder your guns made!"

"My knees shake like sticks," chuckled the Sergeant. "There seemed a milliard of you coming."

"And I shut my eyes and ran straight ahead," rejoined the Major. "It was like charging a furnace."

"Our artillery saved us that time, and then—"

"Yes, we couldn't stand it. But we rallied," cried the Major, "we rallied. Was your company near an old dead pine-tree?"

"Under it," nodded Baroque.

"Under it!" shouted the Major. "Then it was your men that made for us with bayonets?"

"My company," howled the Sergeant, "my old company. Oh, but we drove you back!"

"Only to the wall, only to the wall," sputtered the Southerner. "You ran like rabbits when we reformed. It was the rest of the division, not us, who were beaten."

A ring drawn from many curious nations had formed about the fighters, but they did not heed them.

"You never reached our colors," sniffed the Frenchman.

"No," said the Major, regretfully; "one of your fellows pinned me with a bayonet" —the Sergeant lifted his peg—"and ran me through the shoulder just as I let fly my pistol into his leg."

"My leg!" the Sergeant shouted, and brought the wooden one down with a bang. "Mon Dieu! my leg!"

"You the man?" stuttered the Major. "Why, you pulled your bayonet out and then spared my life. You the man? and you lost your leg? Give me your hand, sir."

"Embrace me," cried the Sergeant, and threw his arms about his neck. "The leg, it was nothing!"

The Major came to his dignity and found a triple row of spectators round about. "Comrade," said he, "I will see you soon again; Madamoiselle, I beg you to excuse me." Holding himself very straight, he marched through the wondering crowd and back into the upper regions again. His eye was very bright at dinner that night and his face still flushed. "The old war-horse is champing at his bit," said the facetious collegian, when—"Steward, take this bottle to Sergeant Baroque, in the steerage, with my compliments," cried the Major all of a sudden, and again relapsed into silent meditation.

The morning brought a swaying, tumbling sea and a taste of the gray Bank fog. The cold, damp air nipped along the deck, the steamer chairs were deserted, the ocean was empty of life. The Major ate his campaign fare with grim smiles at the empty place of the facetious collegian. He heeded no mere weather changes, and gloried in the unsteady decks that kept the useless ones below. Half-way down the steerage gangway he met the ship's doctor on the way from the compulsory cleaning which comes each morning to unwilling slothful ones.

"I have a sad case down there," said he, stopping to chat with the Major, as every one did. "No. 23, advanced consumption; they call her the bride, I think above. She is a pretty little thing, but, you know, like cardboard; this fog has struck into her lungs."

"Can anything save her?" asked the Major, with a surprising earnestness.

"Nothing this side of Colorado air," said the doctor, tersely. "That might do it; but, of course, it is out of the question."

"Doctor," said the Major, slowly, "the old Frenchman, that girl's father, spared

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my life at Gettysburg, after I had shot him, so that now he goes about on a wooden leg. I want you to bring her to my stateroom, and let every medical resource be brought to her aid. I enlist you upon my side," said he, with that wonderful smile of his which won men, "for I know there are some things which the captain must be persuaded to grant." And, as usual, things went as the Major willed.

Afterward he climbed down the dark companionway in the 'tween-decks of the steerage, and found the Sergeant sitting in dazed silence on the edge of a little iron berth, where Clotilde, wan and bright-eyed, lay very quiet, stroking his hand with her thin fingers.

"Well, comrade," cried the Major, heartily, "I have news of Mademoiselle Clotilde which is not so bad but that we may make things better than ever."

The Sergeant Baroque shook his head slowly, hopelessly; but Clotilde pulled herself upward upon her pillow. "What Monsieur says is true, mon père," she whispered. "One sunny day, only a sunny day, and I will be as well again—it is only the fog, mon cherie, only the fog."

The Major sat down upon the rail of the berth, and took the girl's hands in his warm red ones. "Sergeant," said he, "I lost you a good right leg once, and now I am going to save you a daughter. Clotilde," he said, very gently, "remember always one thing: you are going to live for your father. The strongest redoubt in the world cannot hold out before men who have willed to take it—you are going to live, Clotilde; and now, Sergeant Baroque, for two days you are going to be under my absolute orders, with no appeal. Get together your belongings; you two are going to move to better air."

The Major's presence was inspiriting. The girl's breath came more regularly, more firmly, and the old soldier stumped about until, somehow or other, the cheerfulness worked into his heart. "Right about on those dresses!" cried the Major, and, "Now, Sergeant," said he, "we are fighting together this time, and can't lose."

"Shores of Long Island!" cried the Major, through the stateroom door, and limped out on deck again for another observation. There was a good home-smell in the air; the waves, no longer sapphire, ran to a curling line of white, with fields and orchards behind, and the horizon was dappled with sails and stained with the smoke of a great trade. The Major bowed to Miss Annabelle Jones, who appeared upon deck for the first time since France was left behind, stopped to chat with Mr. Foggs, the banker, who scented stocks and bonds in the land breeze, congratulated the facetious collegian upon his reappearance, and, "Ah, doctor," he cried, "there is nothing like hope for a tonic. Mademoiselle Baroque actually walked this morning, actually walked, sir, and the Sergeant is to have a new peg leg to climb Pike's Peak with."

"Pauperize 'em!" growled Foggs; "you'll pauperize 'em, Egerton."

"I owe him for a leg, Foggs," laughed the Major. "I reckon the par value is more than a year in Colorado."

"He's got a wooden one, got a wooden one," grumbled Mr. Foggs. "Sell you mine for less than that—gout, rheumatism—'drather have a wooden one."

"I'll go for my instruments," said the doctor, and followed the Major below.

"Here!" grunted Foggs at the college youth. "Five-pound note, d'you see! Take it to wooden-leg; tell him to have a leg on me. Ha! ha! See! Tell him it's a loan, John Doe, 2 Roe Street, Chicago, pay in a year. Ha! ha! See!"

The Major sat on the stateroom sofa, and the Sergeant at the foot of the berth, where Clotilde lay, weak and white, but very happy.

"And so, mon père," said she, "we shall have a leetle cottage with vines, green grape-vines, upon the roof, and up above the mountains and before us the road where the tourists will go. We shall have one leetle cow and sell them cold milk; and you will make pipes to sell. I am well sure that they have no such pipes in Colorado; and I, I will get well, and eat such that you will wish me seek again."

"My Major, I will repay you all of this loan," said the Sergeant, very earnestly.

"It's the price of a leg," responded the old gentleman, and slapped the good one.

"Mon Dieu!" said Baroque, "I would give the other one and gladly. You can well afford this cost? It is yet not too

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late for us to earn our living in New York, as I had planned."

"I can well afford it," the Major answered, and in a momentary pause they heard the voice of Foggs the banker growing louder and louder as he stumped down the companionway. "I knew it, doctor. Fools, speculators, panic always comes—paper says fifty firms gone up! 'Tradesmen's Bank,' 'Jenkins & Stockton'—O Lord!—'Binkins & Bunk'—what the devil!—'Toreado Steel Co.' Fools! fools! fools! Thank heavens, I have government bonds!"

The doctor knocked on the stateroom door and entered. "Papers have just come aboard and tell of a bad financial panic in New York. Hope you aren't in danger."

The Major was looking through the port-hole at the green bluffs of Staten Island. "Did you say the Tradesmen's Bank had failed?" he asked, not turning his head.

"Yes, yes, every cent. Fools, fools, fools!" old Foggs snorted outside the door.

"That's very unfortunate," said the Major after an instant. "Now, doctor, if you will tell Mademoiselle how quickly she is going to get well again, I will attend to a little matter up above."

There was a band on the pier playing "Hail to the Chief" for some returning politician, and a forest of waving handkerchiefs, and, when the gangplank fell, a confusion of friends and relatives who would get aboard, and stewards and passengers who would get ashore. The collegian dashed into the midst of the turmoil and returned with a cab, the band marched away after their chief, and Clotilde in a wheeled chair was brought safely down the gangplank. Baroque hobbled after, black coat, stiff hat, tricolor in his buttonhole, and very proud to see the ship's officers at the rail to wave good-by to his daughter. The two were in the cab when the Major appeared, breathless but enthusiastic.

"Attention, Sergeant Baroque!" he called.

The Sergeant saluted.

"Your marching orders are for Colorado direct, in charge of convoy. Sealed orders," said he, "in this envelope. Rations"—he divided a pile of bills—"here. May you both be happy. Miss Clotilde, a commander's privilege," and he kissed her while the doctor and the collegian raised a cheer.

"Monsieur le Major, I am your man," faltered old Baroque, and so they parted.

"Pauperizing! pauperizing!" growled Foggs. "He'll lose the money on the way. Give me his address, Egerton; he may need some more." But the Major was not listening.

"Trouble! Something wrong?" Mr. Foggs put a hand on his shoulder with unusual kindliness.

"The truth is," said the Major, "I am in a little perplexity. Perhaps you will advise me when I have said good-by to these gentlemen. Doctor, this is just the beginning of our acquaintance. Captain, it has been a pleasure to sail with you, sir," and, "Come and ride my horses in Virginia," called he to the collegian. "And now, Mr. Foggs, there is a telephone yonder, sir, I think."

The two threaded the flustered crowds and came to a telephone in a quiet corner under the lee of the company's offices.

"Mr. Foggs," said the Major, quietly, "my agent here in New York is one Theophilus Jenkins. You can tell me, perhaps, where I can find him."

"Jenkins, Jenkins," cried Foggs, "Bright & Jenkins, 274–17, safest firm on Wall Street. Trouble? Any trouble?"

"I fear so," said the Major. "I am so regardless of these business matters. I am not sure where my patrimony is placed, but I fear—well, that it has gone with the rest. 274–17, if you please. Ah! Mr. Jenkins? Charles Egerton, of Virginia. Thank you, sir, a pleasant passage. My deposit, sir, was in the Tradesmen's Bank, which has utterly failed. No! You surprise me, sir—you surprise me—" the Major's voice broke for the first time—"and is all safe, you say? I thank you, sir; I shall call and thank you in person."

The Major sat down on a convenient trunk and mopped his brow. Then he sprang up, beaming. "And now, Mr. Foggs," cried he, "I can ask you, too, to Virginia, sir. Horses were enough for our young friend, but, upon my word, except for Mr. Jenkins, I would have had nothing else to offer you. The judgment of these business men is little short of wonderful."

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"Goodness gracious!" stuttered Mr. Foggs. "Goodness gracious! and you sent them to Colorado—fool, fool—no, by the Lord Harry! you're the finest gentleman I've met. Give me your hand, Egerton; by gad! give me your hand."

A Boy's Reminiscences of Queen Victoria

By the Earl of Aberdeen

IT was in Buckingham Palace that I first saw Queen Victoria, in 1853 or '54. The occasion must have been that of a private audience to which my mother (then Lady Haddo) and four of her children had been specially invited.

As the youngest of the party, I was placed at the end of the row of five. Vaguely conscious of the importance of the occasion, I took a judicious glance sideways in order to observe what others would do. I then perceived that my eldest brother, then at the shy age of about thirteen, had apparently a difficulty in accomplishing a bow of sufficient extent, for I noticed that my mother assisted the process by placing one hand behind his head and pressing it downwards. Profiting by this hint, and being at the unembarrassed age of six, I immediately made a profound obeisance which evoked a little ripple of kindly laughter from her Majesty. The vision remaining in my mind of what we saw before us is that of a picture dim but delightful: the Queen, gentle and charming, seated in an attitude of easy grace, with two of her then young children playing at her side. As to anything else connected with the episode my memory is a blank.

The next occasion when I was brought within the Royal presence may also be mentioned by way of further illustrating the winning simplicity and amiability which so constantly characterized our illustrious Sovereign. It was at the time of a visit paid by the Queen and the Prince Consort, with their two eldest daughters, to my grandfather in 1857.

My grandfather, with a sort of half-humorous assumption of grimness, assured the Queen that if her Majesty honored him with a visit she must expect to find things conducted in very homely fashion. And although there was, of course, in reality a vast amount of preparation for the occasion, yet in regard to the absence of special arrangements inside the house my grandfather kept his word. In the "Queen's Room" the old-fashioned four-poster bed then used by her Majesty had long stood and still stands exactly as it was then. Family traditions say that the Queen laughed when she saw the white dimity bed-curtains, and doubtless they were to her Majesty something of a novelty.

The arrival of the Queen was extremely picturesque. Her Majesty had driven all the way from Balmoral, a distance of about seventy-two miles. At the entrance of the Haddo House park the Royal cortège was met by some five or six hundred of the tenantry on the estate, all mounted. This cavalcade formed a body-guard and escort during the remainder of the drive, and as the Royal carriage and four dashed round the curve of the house, the horsemen galloped across the open space in front, giving a tremendous cheer, and wheeled up in front of the entrance.

Lord Aberdeen was waiting to receive the Queen at the foot of the outside stair, up which he escorted her Majesty into the house, where a large family party had assembled. The first thing done was to inspect the bust of the Queen, a beautiful work in marble, by Marochetti, which had been presented to Lord Aberdeen by her Majesty two years before, as described by him in the following inscription engraved above it:

EFFIGIE SVA BENEVOLENTIÆ SIGNO
HAS ÆDES EXORNAVIT
MDCCCLV
VICTORIA REGINA

On receiving this gift, my grandfather wrote to the Queen that he thankfully accepted it "for his descendants—for himself her Majesty's image must ever be imprinted on his heart."

The next move was for a walk, and the Queen was conducted to the opposite side of the house, where from a balcony the best view of the grounds is obtained.

But before taking note of the prospect,

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the Queen espied a young urchin who had squeezed himself against the balustrade, and who, with the idea of getting out of sight, had, very inopportunely as it must have seemed to her Majesty's host, thus succeeded in putting himself into the most prominent place.

With an indescribable gentleness and grace which enthralled the heart of the child, the Queen approached and said, "You are one of Lady Haddo's little boys?" "Yes" (gasp). "And how old are you?" (Gasp) "Ten," and so forth. But the old Earl was waiting, and the Queen soon turned to continue the walk. The urchin, like an urchin, prowled in the rear of the party, and soon perceived one of his uncles, Sir Alexander Gordon, walking with a warm shawl on his arm, evidently with some design. The shawl was quickly intrusted to the urchin with instructions to place it on the shoulders of Lady Gordon as soon as possible. It was some little time before that lady, who was walking with Princess Alice, could be stalked, but eventually the urchin, darting out from the trees, popped the shawl on his aunt's shoulders and then fled, but not without hearing the Princess Alice exclaim, "What a *dear* little boy!" This only hastened his retreat.

The Royal party were soon returning to the house, and here a little incident occurred. Lord Aberdeen's grandchildren had among their pets a cat, who had come into their possession rather quaintly. The eldest boy one day, when fishing on the river, observed an unfortunate kitten floating down the stream. By a skillful cast or two he managed to bring the creature to land. It was taken to the house and well cared for, becoming after a time the mother of a family of kittens.

But on the occasion of her Majesty's visit the children had been warned that the cat and family ought not to be *en évidence*. Sure enough, however, when the Royal party were approaching, Mistress "Shelly" and her progeny were conspicuously in view. There was immediately a rush—the children running forward to get the offending animals out of sight, and several of the Royal family joining in the chase for the fun of the hunt. Never shall I forget the cheery shout of laughter from the Prince Consort as he joined in the pursuit. "Shelly" was duly captured and brought to the Queen to be admired and stroked. After this, of course, her fame was established, and great was the demand thereafter for any of the "Queen's kittens."

Next morning, in beautiful October weather, a pleasant scene could be witnessed on the Terrace. Several of the members of the Royal party were strolling among flower-beds. Two ladies walking slowly up and down the path were by themselves; one of them, the Princess Royal, now the illustrious Empress Frederick, with her arm linked in that of her friend, the present Duchess of Buccleuch, was evidently reading aloud to her companion from a long letter which she held in her hand. Some of the other members of the party looked at one another—"Surely the letter must be from the Princess Royal's betrothed." It was well that a veil was over the future of those two most royal and gifted lovers.

And now the Queen, escorted by her host, came out, and the whole company moved to a well-chosen spot near to the foot of the terrace, where a Wellingtonia Gigantia was planted by her Majesty, and another of the same species by the Prince Consort. These trees have never ceased to thrive, and have now a fine appearance.

During the year of school and college, which included the dark and sorrowful period following on the Prince Consort's death, I was never in the Queen's presence. But the very first occasion of such access was marked by an indication of the same gracious disposition already referred to.

It was at a concert, on a grand scale, in the Albert Hall, London. I rather think it was the first occasion on which her Majesty was personally present at any function in that imposing building which commemorates Prince Albert the Good. At any rate, it was a great affair. I happened to be one of the occupants of the Duke of Buccleuch's box, adjoining that of the Queen.

During the proceedings her Majesty apparently asked the Duchess of Buccleuch the name of the young fellow who was with her party, and then graciously intimated a wish that he should be presented at the conclusion of the concert. This was accordingly done, but, alas! I fear that any appearance of *savoir faire*

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which I may have displayed at the six-year-old presentation was sadly wanting on this occasion, coming as it did unexpectedly. But the feature of the incident, for the sake of which I mention it, was the considerate and indulgent manner in which the Queen could evidently make allowance for any *gaucherie* under such circumstances.

Reverting now to Scottish experiences, it is well known that Aberdeenshire has long counted itself happy as the county which has enjoyed the privilege of claiming the Queen as one of its resident proprietors.

And this character has always been recognized and beautifully exemplified by her Majesty, in all its bearings, for, as a writer of the day has well said: "In her Highland home the Queen did not *stoop* to the humble folk about her; she was one of them in her feeling for the common facts of life, in natural kindness, in happy enjoyment of simple pleasures."

And so, too, in regard to the exercise of Scottish hospitality in this Scottish castle, which passed first into her Majesty's hands from my grandfather, who held the remainder of the lease belonging to his brother, Sir Robert Gordon. There was the same dignity at Balmoral as at the other royal residences, for where the Queen was, there was dignity and grace; but there was also a simplicity which would not have been possible or to be desired at Windsor or Buckingham Palace in relation to the arrangements and surroundings of the greatest sovereign of our time.

It was the custom of the Queen to invite those whom she wished to receive at Balmoral "to dine and sleep" at the Castle. The notice was not generally long, but always sufficient for actual arrangements. I recollect the first time I was honored with one of those invitations, which were always responded to as "commands." It reached me by telegram, delivered when I was on a hill-top among the heather shooting grouse. There was plenty of time to get ready, but I left the grouse to take care of themselves for that day.

It was on the occasion of the visit which then followed that I received at her Majesty's hands the gift of a copy of "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands," the inscription in which exemplifies her Majesty's retentive memory and appreciation regarding her friends, and which also no doubt explains the indications of good will which have just been mentioned.

The inscription is as follows:

JOHN CAMPBELL, Earl of Aberdeen,
Grandson of the Queen's valued friend,
George, 4th Earl of Aberdeen.
From
VICTORIA R.

This allusion to the Queen's friendship—I may say affection—for my grandfather, shown in so many ways, may perhaps make the quotation of the gracious letter written to him on his resignation of office not inappropriate:

Windsor Castle, February 7, 1855.

Though the Queen hopes to see Lord Aberdeen in a short while, she seizes the opportunity of approving the appointment of the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Douglas to the living of St. Olave's, Southwark, to say what she hardly trusts herself to do verbally, without giving way to her feelings. She wishes to say what a *pang* it is for her to separate from *so* kind, and dear, and valued a friend as Lord Aberdeen has ever been to her since she has known him. The day he became her Prime Minister was a *very happy* one for her; and throughout his ministry he has ever been the kindest and wisest adviser, one to whom she could apply for advice on all and trifling occasions even. This she is sure he will still ever be—but the losing him as her first adviser in her Government is *very painful*. The pain has been to a certain extent lessened by the knowledge of *all* he has done to further the formation of this Government in so loyal, noble, and disinterested a manner, and by *his* friends retaining their posts, which is a *great* security against any possible dangers.

The Queen is sure that the Prince and herself may ever rely on his valuable support and advice in all times of difficulty, and she now concludes with the expression of her warmest thanks for all his kindness and devotion, as well as of her inalterable friendship and esteem for him, and with every wish for his health and happiness.

The visit to Balmoral referred to above was followed by many another in subsequent years, but the allusion reminds me that I have reached the limitation suggested by the title of those jottings; nor, indeed, would it seem fitting that one who has thrice been privileged to occupy the position as official Representative of the Sovereign should at this time pass beyond this restricted range here indicated.

Enough has been said to contribute

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something, however slightly, to the vast array of tributes and testimonies to the wonderful thoughtfulness and personal sympathy of the great Mother-Queen.

But such being the main point of this little paper, I would fain make a passing reference to one of the many *public* tokens of that peculiar tact and unerring discrimination by which the grateful admiration of the nation has so often been evoked.

The occasion was that of the tragic death of the late Sir John Thompson at Windsor Castle.

Sir John, as Premier of Canada and a distinguished statesman, had proceeded to Windsor to be sworn in as an Imperial Privy Councilor. Soon after the ceremony he was seized with illness, and shortly expired in the Castle.

The Queen was deeply moved, and the motherly tenderness with which she received and comforted Sir John's young orphan daughter, and the state honors paid to the remains of the deceased Premier, caused a profound sensation in Canada. Then came the announcement that the remains were to be conveyed to Canada in one of her Majesty's men-of-war—and not only so, but in one of the finest in the navy—the Blenheim.

Had a vessel of a different class been selected, it would certainly have been felt that an appropriate and gratifying mark of public respect had been offered to the deceased statesman and to Canada. But the fact of such a ship as the Blenheim having been appointed and specially fitted up for this service touched the sensitive public spirit of the Canadians, and produced an intensity of deep and grateful appreciation.

It was known that the hand of the Queen was to be traced in all the arrangements, and the heart of the great Dominion was still closer knit to its Queen.

When the great ship had reached Halifax and was lying in the placid waters of the vast harbor, and when we were waiting to receive the mortal remains of our dear and honored friend, the scenes and surroundings were truly solemn and pathetic. Not a sound was heard but the plash of the falling rain. The Guard of Honor stood motionless with lowered arms. Soon we perceived that the steam launch had moved from the Blenheim. Mournful strains of music were wafted across the water to the shore. The launch approached, and there in lofty position was the coffin, and upon it lay one, and only one, wreath. It was the great wreath of laurel which the Queen had with her own hands placed upon the pall at Windsor. And there it remained for the lying-in-state, and again during the state funeral ceremonies, and whilst it was being carried to its last resting-place, followed by tens of thousands of mourners, there it lay, the silent witness of the "well done" uttered by the earthly sovereign and of her tender thought for her faithful servant and his people in the time of their sorrow.

The final occasion on which I had the privilege of being at Balmoral was at the time of her Majesty's eighty-first birthday last May.

Never before had such a vast multitude of greetings and assurances from every part of the globe simultaneously poured in for the acceptance of the revered monarch. She received them all with the simple and unaffected gratification of a child. The little offering which Lady Aberdeen and I were graciously permitted to present to her Majesty in person was in the form of a quaint dwarf maple-tree, produced in Japan, only a few inches high, but about ninety years old, with all the marks of an old tree in miniature.

The Queen received it with marks of interest and gracious kindness, as also a photograph taken of the Irish lace-workers whom her Majesty had recently honored by commanding them to attend at the Vice-Regal Lodge.

We bade farewell to her Majesty as she was about to meet her assembled household, to each of whom she was wont to give with her own hands some token of regard on her birthday. Beautiful and touching were the mutual relations of mistress and servants in that Royal household.

I have given some of the remembrances of a boy. Perhaps I may be permitted to conclude by recording one in the experience of a young girl—my daughter.

During what, alas! proved to be the Queen's last journey to Balmoral, being in attendance as usual, as her Majesty's Lord-Lieutenant for the County, during the Aberdeenshire portion of her Majesty's journey, I was accompanied by my daugh-

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ter, who was also provided with a seat in the Royal train.

The Queen, having been made aware of this, was pleased to intimate that she might be privately presented to her Majesty on arrival of the train at Ballater.

It is not for me to describe the little scene when the venerable sovereign stepped from her carriage on to the platform, but the vision of the gracious Queen, whom I and my fathers have served for three generations, receiving my child, will forever remain gratefully imprinted on my memory.

Fancy and I

By John Vance Cheney

I heard the wind rise, I heard it fall,
Saw the chipmunk scamper on root and wall;
I heard the sparrow, glad as the day,
Caroling, throwing songs away;
Where light and laughter would ripple and pass,
Saw the cricket jump after his heart in the grass;
Where all day long the clouds—sky-fancies—
Witched the meadow ways and the daisy dances,
Heard the yellowbirds flying in rhythmic waves,
Every crest betipped with plaintive staves;
Heard the woodpecker hammer the hemlock bole,
Saw the marmot on end at the door of his hole,
Saw the jay awake, and the bat asleep,
Saw the moss all still, saw the runnel creep,
Saw the brave day live, saw the brave day die,
Saw the bee go home and the butterfly,
Saw the first wild star wheel into the sky.
So Fancy shows to the eyes that close
The blissful things that Nature knows;
So Fancy brings to the heart that sings
All happy, shining, singing things.
Fancy and I, 'twixt these walls alone,
Fancy and I, and the world our own.

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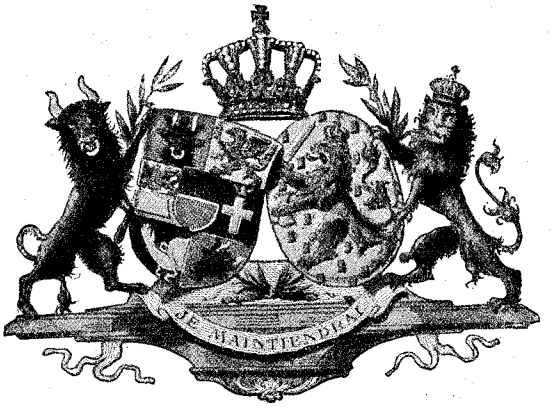

Queen Wilhelmina and Duke Heinrich

By the Rev. W. E. Griffis, D.D.

Author of "Brave Little Holland," "Corea, the Hermit Nation," etc., etc.

THE Queen is dead. Long live the Queen! As in the alphabet W succeeds V, so Wilhelmina follows Victoria. The latest scion of the illustrious House of Orange joins her life and fortune with a German duke—not, indeed, "to fortune and to fame unknown," but yet suddenly lifted into world-wide prominence. Will he be as Prince Albert, and her reign as Victoria's? This, with Dutchmen at least, is the thought and question of the hour.

In every town in the Netherlands committees were formed to offer wedding presents to the young Queen. In thousands of homes, from cottage to palace, all over the Dutch world, the theme has been "The February Joy." To Holland, the land in which the thimble was invented, President Kruger brought as a gift from the South Africanders a gold thimble, an exquisite work of art, engraved by Vernon, a French artist who has won the cross of the Legion of Honor in recognition of his talent. The rolling designs show virgins busy with the needle. In Amsterdam the poor folks subscribed for a golden coach, on the panels of which are finely painted the offerings of the Dutch East and West Indies to the Queen. A few years ago the Frisians presented Wilhelmina with a diamond-studded "virgin's feather," then worn on the right temple, beside the Frisian helmet and head-dress of gold. As wife, the fair owner will now place the "feather" on the left temple.

The Queen's realm, in which are forty million souls, consists of the eleven provinces of the Netherlands, of which, of course, the two Hollands are the richest, with five million people; of Insulinde, or Island India, in which are Java, Sumatra, Borneo, etc., with their thirty-three million souls, besides the Dutch colonies in South America and the West Indies. From all these ends of the earth, as well as all over Vaderland, came fervent felicitations, prayers, hopes, and wishes; for Wilhelmina is warmly beloved by her people. Besides being the incarnation to the Dutch of their ancestral inheritances and heroic history, she is personally very winning, and the world always loves a lover.

Now let us look at him, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a State lying between Prussia and the Baltic Sea and between Pomerania and Schleswig-Holstein. It is about as big as "brave little Holland" was when, under William the Silent, she won her freedom from Spain. On its area of little over five thousand square miles of territory—a very Netherlands itself, low, sandy, well forested, and rich in lakes which make good fishing—dwell six million people. Rostock, with a university, and Wismar are the chief seaports. Both the duchies, or the two Mecklenburgs—Schwerin and Strelitz—have an interesting Teutonic, Roman, and mediæval history. The ground was first occupied by Teutonic tribes who were driven out by the Slavs, but by intermar-

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DUKE HENRY OF MECKLENBERG-SCHWERIN

riage with the Saxons the people have been pretty well Germanized. Nevertheless, the Slavic face persists. To an outsider the bridegroom of the Dutch Queen looks as much like a Russian as a Prussian.

In American history our touch with Mecklenburg is close. From this country came Domine Megapolensis, one of the first American authors and historians, whose father had settled in Holland. The Domine was our first Indian scholar and preacher of the Gospel to the Iroquois. His Latinized name hides his origin.

The story of the match is that, although other suitors came—legion in the eyes of the ultra-loyal Dutch—to ask for Wilhelmina's hand, yet, after Holland's Queen had seen the Duke, she would look on no other. Indeed, the gossips say that the very thought of meeting other possible suitors, after Heinrich appeared, gave the Queen the Russian influenza. Whether the Duke alone and unaided might have commanded success is known chiefly to one royal person, but it is certain that in her eyes he did more, he deserved it.

Of the Duke Heinrich it may be truly said that he has been well reared and blessed with a good father and mother, the latter still living. The Dutch newspapers and magazines are full of pictures and descriptions of his environment, as well as of his being and doings. Yet their story is simply that of a wholesome and healthy young man, who may have great possibilities in him, which opportunity may reveal. As a boy he loved fun and frolic, and was not averse to playing roguish tricks. So far, fact. If the gossips picture him as a lady-killer and heart-breaker, is such expanded growth of imagination and fancy, in view of his triumph in winning a royal bride, anything less than natural?

Very soon after the engagement, Wil-

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QUEEN WILHELMINA

helmina had three telephones put into her palaces for daily conversation at a distance. According to the old traditional etiquette of the Dutch Court, the Queen dressed in white during her engagement, and no other ladies so attired were permitted to appear in her presence. Telephones were less in demand after the Duke had taken up his residence at The Hague. The young couple, both of whom are very fond of outdoor life, could then be seen daily riding and driving. The Queen, through special envoys, bought in Paris several fine Norman and English-bred horses for herself and future consort. Crowds of people gathered daily round the palace on the Noord Einde, which, like all palaces in the Netherlands, the House in the Woods, at Soestdyke and Het Loo, looks plain enough on the outside to suggest coziness even more than stateliness within. The large "Paleis" at Amsterdam was built as a republican City Hall, and has a very republican monotony in having all its doors of equal size, shape, and honor.

As the Queen inherited, on her father's death, her very popular Uncle Henry's fortune, she has a long purse, and need not study pinching economy. Her wedding-dress is of cloth of silver, so supple and fine in texture as to resemble that India muslin which could be drawn through a ring. The fabric was woven on the looms of Lyons, but designed and cut in Paris. It was made up over the richest white glacé silk. The exquisite embroideries, especially of orange-buds, blossoms, and fruit, wrought in silver thread, were executed in the Royal School of Art Needlework in conjunction with the Rijks or National Museum at Amsterdam. In this superb depository of everything illustrating her Fatherland's history she has spent many days of study under competent guides and

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instructors. It is well known that Wilhelmina is very conservative on the subject of women's rights and novel fields of enterprise, and is a more generous patron of ancient industries, functions, and spheres than of modern devices.

As is often said, The Hague is the seat of the Government offices and the royal residence, but Amsterdam is the capital and place of "coronation." So Amsterdam must share all honors from the nation's ruler, even to the making of the marriage trousseau, though the wedding ceremony was at The Hague—that aristocratic city, which, like our Washington on the Potomac, has no trade.

The train of the bridal dress was eight feet long, and surrounded by two broad bands of embroidery, in which detached sprays of orange blossoms and foliage are joined together by scrolls and ribbons. Each single orange-blossom is surrounded by buds more or less developed. For the floral designs seed pearls are used, and for the foliage silver thread and bullion. The robe of state, to be used after the honeymoon, is of white velvet with a court train lined and bordered with choicest ermine.

Those who remember seeing the fair young Queen at her inauguration, September 6, 1898, in her white silken dress, her coronet of diamonds, and her long train of crimson velvet embroidered with lions of gold, will acknowledge the grace and charm with which she moves in such costume, her personal dignity and loveliness excelling the art of the loom and needle. At The Hague I sat for an afternoon within fifteen feet of her Majesty when she was robed in summer garb, and again at the Schouwberg, when she appeared in evening dress, and, having seen her in other costumes for comparison, I believe that "her style" requires light tints for fullness of effect. Her youth and beauty and fresh rosy complexion are thus better set off.

This time, instead of the Netherlands lion, the chief ornament was the orange—name also of the ancient principality in France and symbol of the French-German house of which William the Silent was the most illustrious representative. In many of the Dutch Reformed churches in America the arms of William form the chief blazon in the stained-glass window, with the national and church mottoes added—"Union makes strength" and "Without God all is vain," the latter being black letters on an orange ground. Of the four divisions or quarterings on the shield, the lower two, with half also of the central shield, and the upper right-hand lion, are all in bright orange. The quarterings are held at the center by the overlaid hunting-horns of Charlemagne's paladins, in token of history and the Queen's ancestry, while the shield of Calvin and Geneva, in token of the great William's faith, overlies all. The Queen has been trained in the strictest tenets of Reformed orthodoxy—the faith of her fathers. The Duke is an evangelical Lutheran. On his shield the heraldic emblems of Mecklenburg-Schwerin are more complex, the tamed ox being the most prominent symbol.

On that form of the Queen's shield most often used for significance and decoration there is the rampant Batavian lion and the seventeen turf-bricks (or blood-drops) representing the original seventeen provinces of the whole Netherlands, which once were joined in unity. The motto "Je maintiendrai" (I will maintain), now on all the national coins and symbols, is that of William the Silent, made famous in his Apology. He maintained law and religion against the lawlessness of Philip II. I remember being particularly struck with those words in the Queen's inaugural address, at her "coronation" in 1898, when so many were thrilled by the energy with which she uttered them, making inundation in her statesmen's eyes: "I intend to make the words of my beloved father my own—'The House of Orange can never, no, never, do enough for the Netherlands.'"

It will be remembered that King William III., born in 1817, and first married to Queen Sophia in 1839, during his widowerhood visited England in 1879 and there met the young Duchess of Albany, with whom he was so charmed that he inquired at once whether she had a sister. She had. Her name was Emma. She became Queen of the Netherlands. Rosy and plump, tactful and winsome, she won the Dutch heart. When the last heir to the throne was born, as she could not be Willem, she became Wilhelmina and the darling of her father's heart.

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It is to be feared that in the ordinary American ideas, in prose, poetry, and on the stage, Dutch and German are one, or at least only dialectic variations, Low or High. Some comical proofs of this could be given in quotations from Eugene Field, Dion Boucicault, and other more famous writers. To many prospective tourists Rotterdam is Germany. In reality, however, a German is little better off than an American in Holland, and Dutch is as fixed and polished a language as German. So Duke Henry began at once a thorough course of study of the language as well as the history of the Netherlands. Of course he will probably make more progress with Cupid as teacher and the Queen as helper, but in actual prose fact he is a pupil of Professor Kramer, of Utrecht. One well-Americanized Dutchman, who believes in one speech in our land and would have the Hollanders arriving here drop their home tongue at once, declares that Duke Henry is a bright example to all foreigners in an adopted country where they have settled "for better or worse."

Despite their warm affection for their young Queen, the Dutch people desire no eclipse of "the King's widow," so long their "Queen Emma," whose wisdom as wife, as mother, and as regent has been as conspicuous as in the shining "modern instance" across the North Sea. Evidently Wilhelmina wished her husband to be King, or at least Prince Consort, but this would give him precedence over the Queen Mother. This the States-General, by a decided vote, refused to grant. They also declined to vote him a yearly allowance, for they know the great wealth of Wilhelmina. In the event, however, of his outliving the Queen, he will receive a pension of $80,000 per annum.

The wedding ceremony, which took place on February 7, was preceded by five days of court festivities.

After the nuptials the *cour de félicitation* was followed by a grand state dinner, after which the bride and bridegroom started upon their bridal tour. This, it was announced by the papers, would be straight westward, across South Holland, Utrecht, and Gelderland, and through the sandy heaths of the Veluwe, a distance of seventy or eighty miles. I made this same journey in 1895, to visit the royal castle at Het Loo, near Appeldoorn. The unexpected result was to win more respect for the indefatigable Dutchman, whose land, away from the ocean from which it was won, or divorced from the fertile "sea-clay," is hopeless barrenness and irredeemable sand. Yet here at Het Loo—the same "loo" as in Waterloo (where the Dutch "took Holland") and twenty-five other Dutch places so named, besides many more in composition, though pronounced as *o* in lo!—is a lovely oasis. There are other *loos*, and many have done excellently, but this in beauty excels them all. The maze of greenery, the labyrinths of rock and water work, the solemn grandeur of the trees, the glory of the shady avenues, make it an ideal spot in summer, while for winter joys the homelike palace is an Elysian retreat and just the place for lovers who would escape from the public glare.

No doubt there has been much wine drunk to the health of the Queen, and the Dutchman can drain a bumper at slight pretext when he wishes to, but report has it that Queen Wilhelmina is not only herself an abstainer, but has persuaded her friend, the Princess Pauline of Wurtemburg, to take up the same position. Queen Wilhelmina is the patroness of the total abstinence movement in the Low Countries. It is reasonably probable that she will, by a temperate régime, preserve more perfectly her health and her pretty figure than have some other of the heavy-drinking feminine royalties of Europe.

"Marriages," says the Dutch proverb, "are made in heaven." What will be the morrow and the future of the Queen's wedded life? What will happen in Holland during her reign? Will the Netherlands continue in prosperity and independence? Or will the little democratic monarchy be swallowed up in Germany? Who can tell? It is certain that, freed from the political lust of conquest and the ambitions that torment other nations, the Dutch have the rare opportunity of continuing in many ways their long service to humanity. The reign of the virgin Queen Wilhelmina was signalized by the holding of the Peace Conference at The Hague, and contemporaneously with her nuptials opens the House of All Nations as a permanent International Court of Arbitration. It may be that hers will be the reign marked in history as the world's peace.

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The Book of Daniel[1]

PROBABLY no book of the Old Testament is more an enigma to the general reader than the Book of Daniel. Its stories are read with interest by old and young—with profit, too, if the attention is not diverted from the lessons conveyed by the story to the wholly unimportant question how far in those stories fact and fiction are intermingled. Its prophecies are used by a certain class of students for the purpose of determining the date of the end of the world—a date which it would seem Christian scholars might be content to leave unguessed, since Christ declared that it had not been made known to him. But otherwise the book is practically dropped out of the Bible by most readers.

Yet there is perhaps no book which throws so much light on a critical epoch of Jewish history, that of the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, "the madcap." It consists of two parts. The first part, Chapters I.—VI., contains stories of the remarkable experiences of one Daniel in the sixth century before Christ; the second part, Chapters VII.—XII., contains prophecies of events which occurred under "the madcap," in the second century before Christ, and of the final deliverance of Israel and of the world, and the establishment of a kingdom of God on the ruins of the great world-kingdoms. The book purports to be written by Daniel, the first part as history, the last part as prophecy. The question on which modern scholarship divides in opinion is this: Was it written in the sixth century before Christ by Daniel, in which case the first part must be accepted as extraordinary and romantic history, and the latter as prophecy remarkably though not with absolute accuracy fulfilled, in so far as history has furnished the fulfillment; or was it written in the second century before Christ by an anonymous prophet, who gathered up from the traditions about Daniel those which would best serve his purpose and retold them as biography in the first part of his book, and, in the second part of his book, narrated, under guise of prophecy by Daniel, the history of Antiochus Epiphanes, "the madcap," foretelling his final overthrow and the overthrow of all heathen powers, and the ultimate victory of Israel and the establishment of the kingdom of God? This last is approximately Dr. Driver's view, though, with his usual caution, he attempts to mediate between the two theories by the suggestion that the book may have been written midway between the two dates—that is, about 300 B.C.—a hypothesis which seems to us to present all the difficulties of both the other hypotheses and the advantages of neither.

The second of the two hypotheses stated above requires a little further elucidation. Let us imagine the Israelites under the horrible persecutions of Antiochus. The religion of Israel is assailed both by corruption and by persecution. The loyal Israelites find themselves confronted with a fate like that which in the Christian era threatened the Lollards, the Waldenses, or the Huguenots. At the same time the not too scrupulous nobility, especially the young and the ambitious, are seduced from the faith of their fathers by the common arguments for conformity, by the power of fashion and the court, and by the apparent hopelessness of resisting the "spirit of the age." An unknown prophet at this epoch desires to stem this current of his time, and to counteract the fears which attack and the court favor which seduces men from the faith of the people of God. Daniel is a notable name in Jewish history, a notable figure in the Babylonian captivity. There are many stories current about this wise, statesmanlike, heroic soul. Several of these stories are found in the Apocrypha. From these stories the anonymous author selects such as will furnish the youth of his time an inspiring example of a man wise enough to understand the true trend of events and strong enough to resist the spirit of the age and the enticements, the threatenings, and the corruptions of the court. Then he proceeds to set forth the history of his own times and to predict its certain outcome. He does this in the guise

[1] *The Book of Daniel.* By the Rev. S. R. Driver, D.D. (The Cambridge Bible.) The Macmillan Co., New York.

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of prophecy, because if he were to attempt to describe those events in plain historical terms, and declare the final overthrow of "the madcap," the book would be fatal to him if he were discovered, and probably fatal to any one in whose possession it might be found. An Inquisition and an Index Expurgatorius existed long before the Roman Catholic Church; and the author is wise enough to avoid the pagan Inquisition for himself and the pagan Index for his book by writing in parables. Thus the Book of Daniel is parable in the form of history, and history in the form of prophecy, with that exultant note of the ultimate triumph of righteousness which every prophet, from Hosea to Browning, has incorporated in his writing.

Dr. Driver does not state this theory as clearly as we could wish. But he makes the reader see the almost insuperable difficulties in the way of entertaining the old literal theory of the book as history and prophecy written in the sixth century before Christ by Daniel, and gives the historical data necessary to understand it as a history disguised in prophetic garb, and he shows very clearly, as Ewald had shown long ago, that this interpretation does not derogate from the value of the book or the character of the author.

We know of no volume which will give the lay student so good an idea of the grounds for accepting the modern view of the Book of Daniel as this modest little volume in the Cambridge Bible Series.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Dictionary of Architecture and Building: Biographical, Historical, and Descriptive. By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D., and many Architects, Painters, Engineers, and other Expert Writers, American and Foreign. In 3 vols. The Macmillan Co., New York. Vol. I. A—E. 7½×10½ in. 942 pages. Sold by subscription only. Per set, $18.

This will be a monumental work. The fact has long been only too evident that, in English, no cyclopædia of architecture has existed, save a work begun half a century ago and finished in 1890. The mechanical execution of the new work is as good as possible, but we could wish that the publishers were issuing it in four instead of in three volumes, thus avoiding unnecessary bulk. Among those who have to handle books constantly there is a justifiably growing impatience at the fatigue involved whenever they must needs "look up a word." We would call particular attention to the illustration of the present work; in no publication with which we are acquainted do pictures more exactly illustrate the text; these are both abundant and well done. Although Mr. Sturgis's alphabetical arrangement is carried to an admirably minute subdivision, his elaborate system of cross-references is one to be followed in any cyclopædia or catalogue. Indeed, this work fills a long-felt want for a reversed dictionary—something to give the name of what we know but cannot define. To illustrate: one probably remembers the architectural feature of a colonnade with seven columns, but likely enough forgets the name, heptastyle; in such a work as this we have but to turn to the article on columnar architecture and note the cross-references. The text is equally noteworthy, whether architecture be regarded from the descriptive or from the historical point of view. Each separate article of importance is from a recognized expert in his special field; among others, from such archæologists as Mr. Dellenbaugh, Professors Frothingham and Goodyear; from such teachers of architecture as Professors Ware, Hamlin, and Warren; from such architects as Messrs. Hardenberg, Wheelwright, Cook, and Henry Van Brunt; from such engineers as Messrs. Purdy and Hutton, and Professor Sabine; from such decorative designers and mural painters as Messrs. La Farge, Blashfield, Crowninshield, and Caryl Coleman; and, finally, from such authorities on the fine arts as Messrs. Spiers, Lethaby, Charles de Kay, and Montgomery Schuyler.

Eugene Schuyler: Selected Essays, with a Memoir by Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer; and **Italian Essays** by Eugene Schuyler. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50 per volume.

Mr. Schuyler's attainments as a scholar, his refined literary and artistic tastes, his services to the country in diplomatic affairs, his position as an authority on Russian and Eastern affairs, all make his memory one of admirable American achievement. The Memoir prefixed to these volumes of essays is both adequate and interesting. It shows that Mr. Schuyler had great personal charm and rare qualities of imagination as well as dignity and ability. Some of the letters included are really dramatic, especially those relating to the Armenian massacres, which Mr. Schuyler brought forcibly to the attention of the civilized world. The essays and papers touch many subjects. The first, that on Count Leo Tolstoï, includes notes of conversations between Mr. Schuyler and Tolstoï, and abounds in strong literary and

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social interest. "Landor and Italy," "Samuel Rogers," "Canova," "The Italy of Hawthorne," "In the Footsteps of Dante," are among the most enjoyable.

Love. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 172 pages.

A collection of five short stories reprinted from "McClure's Magazine," and written largely in the alert, vivid, journalistic style which characterizes that magazine; stories which are not likely to become permanent contributions to literature, but which are entertaining reading.

Narrative of the Mutiny on Board the Ship Globe, of Nantucket, in the Pacific Ocean, January, 1824. By William Lay and Cyrus M. Hussey. Published by the Authors, New London, Conn. 5¼×8 in. 163 pages. 75c.

This is a reprint of a gruesome tale of the fate of Nantucket whalers, which thrilled many a New England home some three generations since. The original title-page is reproduced in facsimile.

Notes on Speech-Making and **The Philosophy of the Short Story.** By Brander Matthews, D.C.L. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. About 85 pages each.

Two little books from the hand of a man who is a workman of extraordinary deftness, with command of his materials and a good deal of native skill in dealing with them, plus thorough training. The volume on speech-making is admirable for its compressed wisdom, its condensed common sense, its pith and point. No little book of the same compass presents the subject more clearly or with better adaptation to the practical needs of those who are just beginning to learn the difficult art of speaking. And Mr. Matthews has long studied the short story, has often written about it, and has successfully practiced the art. What he has to say is practical rather than theoretical, and yet betrays thorough knowledge of the theory and art of short-story writing.

Opera, Past and Present (The). By William Foster Apthorp. With Portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 238 pages. $1.25.

We reserve this volume for fuller notice hereafter.

Private Life of King Edward VII. (Prince of Wales 1841–1901). By a Member of the Royal Household. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 306 pages. $1.50.

Just now Edward VII. happens to be the most interesting monarch in the world. He ought to remain thus, so overwhelmingly great is his opportunity. The present volume is the first biography of the new King to appear since his accession; its publishers have issued it with almost incredible promptness. While those who have hoped to find in this book some spice of scandal will be properly disappointed, it is much more than a merely bald outline of Edward VII.'s private life as Prince of Wales for the past sixty years. With color and actuality the Prince is described—as the son of his father and mother, as a very young man, as a "good fellow," as a student, as a patron of all sorts of things, as a Free Mason, as a Churchman, as a domestic man at Sandringham and Marlborough House; the author even goes into such details as "The Prince and His Clothes" and "What the Prince Eats and Drinks." The two chapters, however, which will attract most attention in England, if not in this country, are those on "The Prince at Play" and "The Prince on the Course."

Sacred Fount (The). By Henry James. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 319 pages. $1.50.

Mr. James has probably never written anything more elusively subtle than this study of an intellectual vampire who draws his stores of wit and intellectual brilliance by psychological extraction from men naturally more gifted than himself. Frankly, however, we find that the continuous effort required to follow Mr. James in his delicate distinctions and suggestions is hardly repaid. Looking at the book objectively, it is almost ludicrous to imagine any set of people in an English country house who all talk all the time in psychological riddles.

Social Life of the Hebrews (The). By Rev. Edward Day. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 255 pages. $1.25.

The period covered by this work is twofold—the time of the Judges and the time of the Monarchy. Prior to the Judges the author recognizes little of historical value, and during their time only a partial outline of reliable history. Notices of prominent individuals and characteristic stories yield some sociological data here, which are used with critical and constructive skill in depicting the primitive clan-life in its nomadic conditions. This slowly fades in the rise of the monarchy and the gradual development of a settled and more cultured life. Speaking of this, the author judges that "the civilization of the Hebrews, imperfect as it must have been, was superior in many respects to that of England in the tenth and even in the twelfth century of our Christian era." This is a very desirable handbook for Bible students. It should go together with Professor Budde's work on "Jewish Religion Before the Exile." However it may need revision in details, its main conclusions will stand, and will give relief to some perplexed minds from difficulties otherwise insoluble.

Taylor School Readers (The): First Reader. By Frances Lilian Taylor. Werner School Book Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 128 pages.

Triple Entanglement (A). By Mrs. Burton Harrison. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7¼ in. 272 pages. 50c.

Valley Muse (A). By Charles G. Blanden. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 166 pages. $1.

Wings of the Morning. By Walter C. Roberts. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 144 pages. $1.

The object of these essays is to promote healthy feeling on religious and moral subjects. They are brief, hardly to be called essays, so absent is the formal element from their style. The author seems simply to be thinking aloud, and jotting down his thoughts as they come. They are quickening, practical, and conduce to a strong and cheerful type of religion.

Year Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields (A). By Ingram Crockett. Illustrated. Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y. 5×7½ in. 112 pages.

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